

Amusement
News

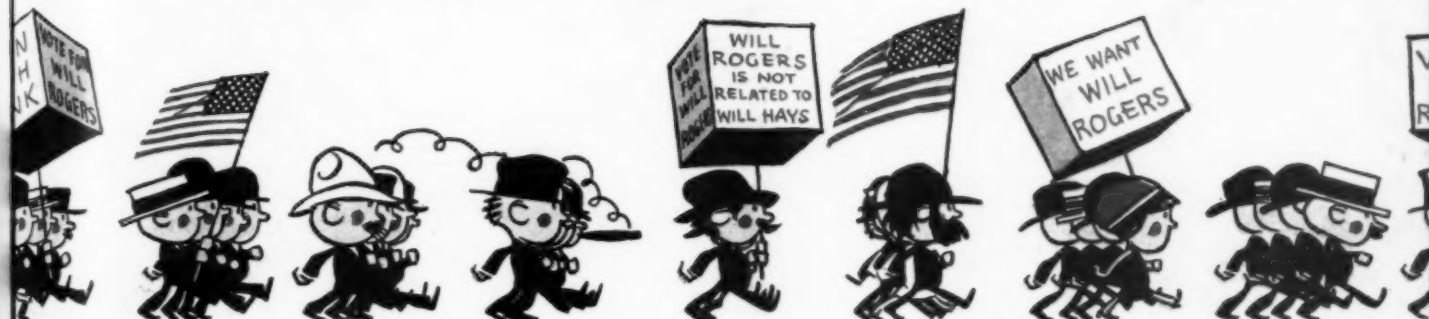
LIFE

Personalities
Sport

15 Cents



June 28 1928



INDEPENDENCE DAY IS HERE!

Vote for



WILL ROGERS!



The DeLuxe Sedan

A glorious treat awaits you in the Victory Six

When you take the Victory wheel, expect to handle the fastest car in its price class—for The Victory is.

Expect also to get away faster from full stop, and accelerate faster at all speeds—for The Victory *does*.

Notice, too, that there is no side-sway at the corners—no pitching forward when you press the brakes—no shake-up when you hit rough going.

Victory design explains all this—a new

type of design—the first of its kind. No body sills—no body overhang—a chassis frame *as wide as the body*.

The sturdiest body known, too, and the safest—yet lighter, simpler and smarter—with only 8 major parts—and a lower gravity center.

Luxury features that the costliest cars will come to—when they can! Available now only in the brilliant, dashing, eye-catching Victory Six!

The VICTORY SIX

BY DODGE BROTHERS

TOURING CAR \$995—ROADSTER \$995—COUPE \$1045—4-DOOR SEDAN \$1095—DELUXE SEDAN \$1170
DELUXE 4-PASSENGER COUPE \$1170—SPORT SEDAN \$1295—*f. o. b. Detroit*

26 MILLION DUNLOPS

"WHAT OF IT?... What does that mean to my car?"

Simply this: The 26 million Dunlops now running are your guarantee that Dunlops will pay you on your car.

With 45,000 craftsmen.... 40 years' experience.... \$195,000,000 resources... vast rubber plantations... and great spinning mills, Dunlop *should* make the world's best tires

The longer Dunlops have run, the more popular they have become. In Australia, 75% of all tires are Dun-

lops... In Japan, 65%... In England, 70%.

The ninth and greatest of all Dunlop plants was built at Buffalo, U.S.A. five years ago. Since then, Dunlop has climbed from 89th place to an undisputed position among America's leading tire-manufacturers. In 1927, American dealers sold 41% more Dunlop tires than in 1926.

Yes... the 26 million Dunlops now in service are your guarantee that Dunlops will pay you on your car.

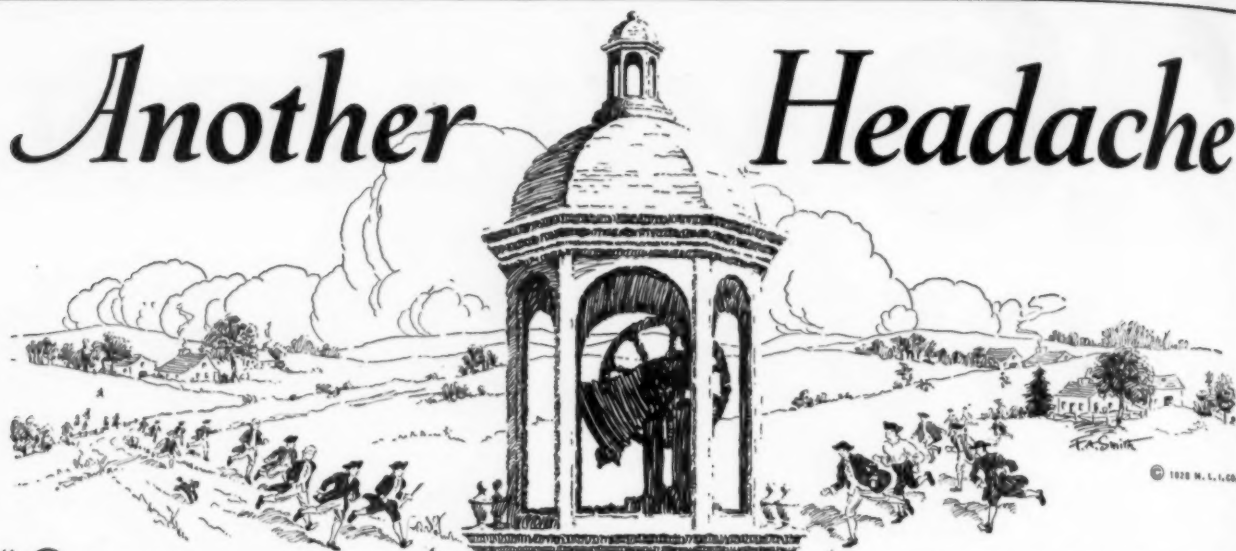
DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY . . BUFFALO, N. Y.

"DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop Properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres.



Another Headache



"CLANG! Clang! Clang!" rang the bell in the old town-hall and at once the whole countryside was alert. The bell meant danger—usually FIRE!

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" goes the pain in your head—and it, also, is a warning of danger, perhaps grave danger, somewhere in your body.

Can you imagine any villager being stupid enough to cut the bell-rope because the clanging of the bell annoyed him—thus silencing the alarm while the fire raged? When you take a pill, or powder, or wafer to stop a headache, you may deaden the nerves which are carrying an important message of danger to your brain—but the "fire" goes on.

Headaches are usually symptoms of unhealthy conditions, perhaps in some totally unsuspected part of the body. There is almost no physical ailment which does not at some stage manifest itself in headache. That pain, if heeded in time, may be counted a blessing.

Fortunately the causes of the vast majority of headaches—indigestion, eye-strain, sinus and teeth infections and wrong posture—can be located promptly. But some of the obscure causes of headache can be found only by

What Causes Headache?

WHEN your head pounds with pain your first thought should be, "What causes it?" not "What shall I take to relieve the pain?" That headache may come from any one of many causes. Among them are:

- Indigestion
- Fatigue
- Impure air
- Eye-strain
- Nose or sinus trouble
- Infected teeth
- Incorrect posture
- Infectious and contagious diseases
- Nervous disorders
- Emotional strain
- Disordered kidneys, liver, gall-bladder
- Intestinal difficulties
- Foot trouble
- And many other abnormal conditions

patient, skilful search. The trouble may come from a cause so remote from the head as a bone out of place in the foot or a toxic condition from a diseased gall-bladder.

"The humblest and least distinguished of all the organs of the body can order the lordly head to ache for it, and the head has no alternative but to obey."

It is risky to attempt to diagnose your own headache. You may guess wrong and waste precious

time prescribing for an imagined ailment while the real trouble grows steadily worse. To still the voice of pain without finding its source is

like cutting the bell-rope and ignoring the fire.

Beware of headache remedies composed of habit-forming drugs which may injure the digestion, destroy red corpuscles of the blood, undermine the nervous system, depress or over-excite the heart action, and at best may give only temporary relief.

Give your doctor a chance to find the cause. While he is searching for the cause let him prescribe something to relieve the pain, if you must have relief.

When another headache comes, take warning!

A booklet giving helpful information about headache may be obtained free on request to Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Ask for Booklet No. 78-F.

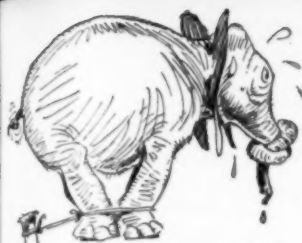
Haley Fiske, President.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

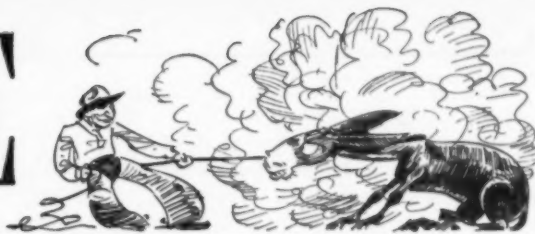
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



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LIFE



The Democratic Convention Leaves Our Candidate Cold

by
WILL ROGERS

WELL we are still here, I wrote you last week that I was here to show my touch with the common people, by coming and mingling right with 'em, and it has even turned out to be more truth than I thought.

They are commoner than I figured. But I don't care how common they are—they ain't any commoner than I am.

Since I went into Politics I have just lost what little dignity and self respect I ever had, and I'm even beginning to look like a Deligate.

I don't know how much longer we will be here. Not a word has been heard from Al Smith saying whether he will choose to run if nominated. But his supporters are hopeful. Course soon as that is over we can go home.

Things have gone off mighty quiet down here. The heat and the Protestatism got to a few of them, but a few of the cooler headed Infidels carried them out and a couple of swigs of "Jack Brandy" revived 'em.

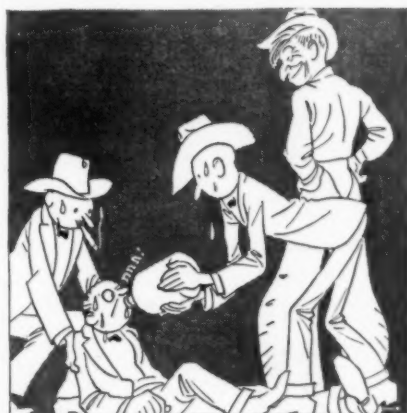
There has been more talk here about the Platform than there was about the man, That may be on account of there only being one man, and many platforms.

I am just a sitting tight waiting to see what they do, and things look mighty bright for the old Anti Bunks.

I think we can pick up everybody at

this convention that don't get anything themselves, just like we did up at the moneyed Convention.

I hear an awful lot of kicks about that guy Hoover the Republicans nominated, and you will hear a lot after this is over about this one. In fact, there seem to be a



lot of people around here named Heflin who ain't entirely satisfied with the way things have been going.

These Southerners all want to know how my Anti Bunk party stands on the slavery question. So I am coming out in

favor of it, I told 'em if the South wanted to practically own and make Negroes do the work down here that I thought they had as much right as the North do with the Whites. So I think that stand will get us some votes.

Mencken has kinder been nosing around trying to get into our Party, He claims that he is at the head of a bunch that have never landed anywhere yet. He says there is less against our Party than either of the others for we haven't had the chance to make the bloomers they have.

He claims he can give us a Literary standing that would read like a Ugene Oneil first night.

Now he has got some smart people allright. They read everything that each other writes. But the thing that I told Mencken was worrying me, was, Do they *know* anything?

He said he didnt know that they did, But that they were a harmless bunch, and that if we ever did land them like he did, they would never know enough to leave us.

Henry is a nice boy and he wouldnt be a bad man to make our Keynote speech, He would have so many big words in there that the people that followed it would think we at least stood for Webster anyhow.



Then we could get Jim Tully to interpret it into Hollywood.

Then we'd get Will Hays to clean up the Tully interpretation so it could be published outside jails.

I am getting a lot of advice about my Platform and if this Convention ever gets over and I don't have to be looking a

Deligate in the face every time I turn I can get to work on something practical. I don't mean something that will work, for if it did it wouldn't be a platform, But something that sounds Practical.

Things are looking better for us every day for these other two Parties have just about done their worst.

(Our Candidate had been holding back on his major platform and cabinet officer announcements until the Republicans and Democrats got set. Now that they have announced their campaign promises, he will make good his threat to raise 'em 20% on everything they offer. Watch this space for his speeches, every week.)

Is Will Rogers Too Big for the Presidency?

FOLLOWING are some of the comments on Will Rogers and the Bunkless Party that have appeared in the daily press:

"A suspicion haunts us that certain powerful interests which Will Rogers has been puncturing in his own deft manner are behind the conspiracy to get him into the presidential race in order to be rid of him, just like shunting Roosevelt into the vice-presidential nomination to be rid of him in the Empire State....With all due respect to the office, Rogers is bigger than the presidency. He can make and unmake presidents and lesser public officers and he adds daily to the 'gaiety of nations.'"

—Denver Rocky Mountain News.

"While the candidacy of Will Rogers is providing the laughs in the presidential campaign, it may also corral more votes than some folks anticipate."—Fond du Lac (Wis.) Reporter.

"Will Rogers says he 'chews to run,' calls his a 'bunkless campaign,' and 'the nomination leaves me dazed, and if I can stay dazed I ought to make a splendid candidate.'

"Will Rogers is young and doesn't realize how much truth there is in that. An election to the

presidency dazes a man so thoroughly that it takes him about four years to get over it. And by that time they are thinking about another candidate."—Arthur Brisbane, in "Today."

"I'll vote for Will Rogers. If there's anything that Washington needs it's a husky cowboy who knows how to handle a rope. We've had lawyers, business men and Vermonters in the White House, and look at the country!...If Rogers were in the White House, the President's annual message to Congress would be read by others besides proofreaders. On every newsstand would be this sign: 'President's Message Out Tomorrow. Order Your Copy Now.' When high moguls and potentates came to this country, Will could take his rope and show them a few tricks....I'm for Rogers, although his chances aren't worth writing home about. I can always get at least a chuckle from everything he says. The best I can get from any of the other boys is a headache."—D. F. O'Connell, in Glens Falls (N. Y.) Post-Star.

"Will Rogers has the gumption to give a better account of himself as president of the great American republic than some who have rattled around in that office.

"But, of course, I'm not naming any names."—E. E. McJ., in Springfield (Mo.) News.

"Will Rogers is known to the nation as a wise-cracking humorist, but like all really worthwhile humorists his funny remarks are founded on shrewd observation and deep common sense. Nobody can see through the politicians at Washington more clearly than Rogers. Nobody holds them in less awe. As president he certainly would not be afraid of the Senate. Much more likely, the Senate would be afraid of him. Every time one of the Senate windbags began to gas, Rogers would utter a piercing remark of perhaps ten words, and deflate him....What is certainly needed is more and better humor and less asperity in Washington."

—Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.

"LIFE has started a boom for Will Rogers for President to head a 'bunkless' party. On such a party platform, Will would get about one per cent of the votes. Bunk dominates the party platforms, the congressional and senatorial speeches and the bills introduced into Congress, because bunk appeals to the majority more than anything else."—Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette.

"We do not know whether the Anti-Bunk Party will actually hold a convention and put its candidate upon the ballot but we frankly acknowledge that we should be very uncomfortable as a candidate on any other ticket running in competition with Will Rogers, were he to go into the campaign armed with that thin-bladed weapon which he dexterously makes to tickle the ribs before it penetrates the vitals of a popular fraud."

—Amityville (N. Y.) Record.

"It is safe to say that Will Rogers' speeches will have more readers than Smith's and Hoover's combined."

—Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch.

It may be true, as the Corvallis (Ore.) Gazette has it, that Our Candidate's cause is hopeless because the public wants bunk and will fail to give adequate support to any candidate who stands out on a bunkless platform.

However, the extraordinarily large number of voters who have already declared themselves for Will Rogers leads us to believe that we will, in the words of the Fond du Lac (Wis.) Reporter, "corral more votes than some folks anticipate."

If you want to range yourself in the ranks of those independents who are fighting to drive the bunk out of politics, write to Rogers' Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE PRESIDENT DELIVERS HIS ANNUAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.



A PROPHETIC VIEW OF OUR CANDIDATE
From a cartoon by Hatlo in the San Francisco Call.

Very Sincerely

I HAD a little tale to tell.
In sixty thousand words I told it.
And then I had a tale to sell
(I haven't sold it).

A publisher I needed now
And so to Smithwick Jones I brought
it.
He simply could not tell me how
Sublime he thought it!

Indeed he found the book divine
But yet alas! he must refuse it.
'Twas not exactly in his line;
He couldn't use it.

"But try McTigue and Clark," he said;
"It's just the sort of thing they handle.
Better go right in to the head;
His name is Crandall.

"I know Bill Crandall very well.
Don't let the office boy prevent you
But walk right in on Bill and tell
Him that I sent you."

I walked right in on Bill, who took
A glance at pages two and fifty,
Opining after one brief look
The book was nifty

And just the thing that John Cassatt
Was looking for. Sure, Crandall knew
him.
Tell him that Crandall sent me—that
Would get me to him.

It did. . . . Cassatt's name got me in
To Anderson. . . . who bade me men-
tion
His name and Harry Chamberlin
Would pay attention. . . .



LITTLE GIRL: Oh, yes, I can remember 'way back before there was any Lindbergh.

Gentlemen, for each helping hand
With this reward may I present you?
Go to my friend the Devil and
Tell him I sent you!
Baron Ireland.

NATURALLY GIFTED

FIRST ARTIST: I hear Briggs has opened
an art school for Indians.

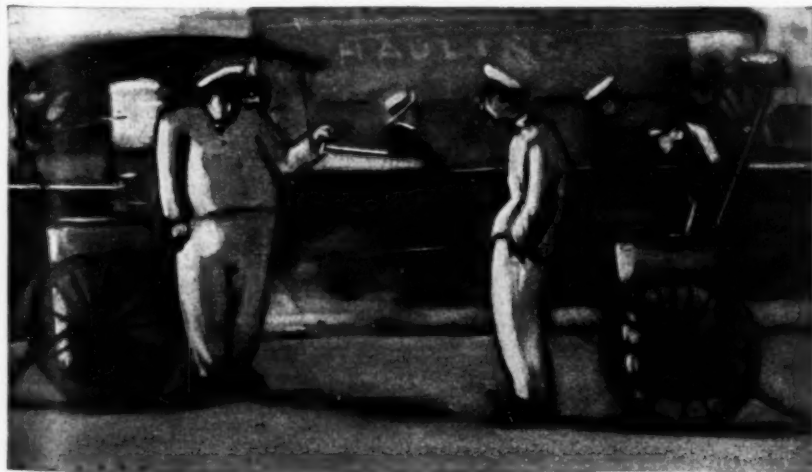
SECOND ARTIST: They ought to make
good. I understand they can go for weeks
without eating.

How a Careful Editorial Writer Would Have Done the Immortal Declaration

WHEN, in the course of human events, it is alleged to be necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal stations to which the laws of nature and of nature's God are said to entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires, it is conceded, that they should declare the causes which are believed to impel them to the separation.

We hold these alleged truths to be self-evident, that all men, according to some authorities, are created equal; that they are reported to be endowed by their Creator with certain rights considered, in many quarters, unalienable; that among these are, it is stated, Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, it is maintained, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers, it is claimed, from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government is reported on good authority to have become destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people, petitioners assert, to alter or to abolish it. . . .

A. H. Folwell.



"Can ya beat it, Joe—I saw a horse on my street today."



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

June
6

My first day at home in seven, Sam and I having made a pilgrimage by motor since Memorial Day, during which I did gain material for an eloquent speech before the Hotel Men's Association, and I do hereby solemnly resolve that never again shall I engage rooms at an inn without going thoroughly into the matter of bed lights. Lord! when I consider the various statutes with which we Americans are afflicted, why can we not have one more requiring every public host to place a reading lamp by each guest's bedside? Nor do I know which was worse on our journey, the Pickwick Arms in Greenwich with none at all, or the Hotel Thayer at West Point with two that would not work. And I with Mistress Lowndes's "The Lonely House," apparently the only copy left in the world, too, for to secure it for me Mary Lowe did bribe the superintendent of a hospital on the Riviera with twelve books to replace it. Marge Boothby in to see me, and

I could swear that she has had her hair lightened since last I saw her, albeit done so cleverly that she did not see fit to mention the matter to me, good friends though we are. So I did not take my eyes off her head the while we talked. Nor would I agree to share a French teacher with her, neither, being full able to shop and keep house in French, if need be, and if I should ever sit next M. Paul Claudel at dinner, we can converse in English. Whereupon Marge cattishly advised me to do something further for my dyspepsia, and when she had gone I did ponder seriously on her counsel, for of late I have had qualms which do bring me into closer sympathy with those who boast that they cannot eat cucumbers, a fact of which I had thought for many years they should have been honestly ashamed. But I shall never admit a single pang of indigestion to anybody, having been told all my life that a day would come when I should rue my penchant for pickles at all hours.

June
7

My bridge cronies for luncheon, and since they have been clamoring for a buffet meal so that no time of play be lost, I did serve them lobster Newburgh with allumette potatoes, very tasty, and salad and coffee afterwards, but Fifi Fidler, in her haste to trump a lead of which nobody would



HOLD-UP VICTIM: Pardon my asking, but before you put that watch in your pocket will you give me the correct time?

have fancied her void, did overturn her entire plate in her lap, so by the time we had cleaned her up, we might as well have sat at table and been served in a civilized fashion. During one rubber I did make a bad and costly revoke, having game in my hand, and after my partner had queried me, too, but I do take credit to myself for not having said in great bewilderment, "I never do that!" which is what those who renege always exclaim upon discovery, when as a matter of fact it is exactly eight years since I have made such an error. The Bannings to dinner, and Edith, who has been visiting her Southern relatives, did tell how one of them was renting out her copy of "The President's Daughter" at a dollar a reading in order to raise money for her church guild, but why anyone should want to read such a book, even for charity, is beyond my comprehension. Early to bed, endeavoring to catch up with the periodicals which did accumulate during our absence, but when I did come upon an article by Bertrand Russell in which he said that billiard balls really do not touch, the contact being merely a local war of electrons, I thought it might be just as well to try to get a little sleep.

Baird Leonard.

AMATEUR

JUNE: I'm just wild about Herbie, aren't you?

MAE: Yes, but his kisses don't sound like the ones you hear on the Vitaphone.



SERVANT: Your bath is ready, sir.

MR. PLUTE: Never mind the bath, Kito; I'm not in good voice this morning.



THE CHIEF: Be careful where you throw that match, Ed.

The Homey Touch

I ALWAYS enjoy my week-ends at the Smithingtons'. Especially do I revel in the marvelously appointed bathroom, patterned in meticulous detail after the Petit Trianon, which Louis XV erected for La Comtesse du Barry. Here, sur-

rounded by luxuriousness in the shape of rich silk hangings, handsomely upholstered chairs and lounges, multi-bulbed chandeliers, original paintings of the early masters, pillars of gleaming marble, and here and there felicitous little touches of citrous yellow,—I loll contented, at leisure and pleased with the

world. In fact, so charmed am I with the Smithington bathroom that I can even completely overlook the cold, clammy fluid that comes gushing forth when I turn the hot-water spigot. J. L. D.

You can't keep a good golfer downtown.



THE INFLUENCE OF THE POLITICAL CONVENTIONS ON A BUSINESS CONFERENCE

T H E C R O W C U S S



THE CROW
is made of tar
and feathers,
impudence
and patent
leathers,



foxy brains
and hollow
tummy,
the good-for-nothing
squawking
rummy.



Before
a songbird's eggs
can cheep
he guzzles
in them
wide and deep



or,
if the birdlet's
busted through,
he's just as fond
of birdlets,
too.

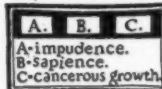
At some
ungodly
morning hour
he croaks with raucous,
squawkous
power



and women's clubs'
protesting
votes
don't
even serve
as antidotes.



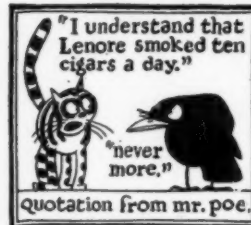
His impudence
is only
less
than all
his canny
foxiness



and yet,
his foxy
sapience
is less
than all
his impudence!



If you
are unprepared
to shoot,
he'll almost
trample
on your boot



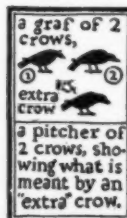
but any time
you pack
a gun
where you saw Crows
you won't
see none.



They can unplant
a field
as fast
as any planter
wanders
past



and if
there's grain left
in the rows
they advertise
for extra
Crows.

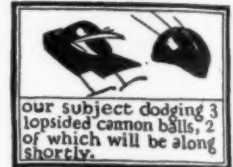


They eat ten times
their weight,
they say,
in natural
groceries
every day



and any time
their gorgings
lag
it's just to yawp
and cuss
and brag.

A Crow
that's ever dodged
your shot
will be your black
forget-you-
not;



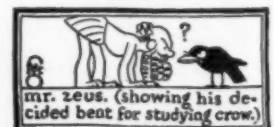
you're Addie Sims
of far
Seattle
and other crows
will heed
his tattle.

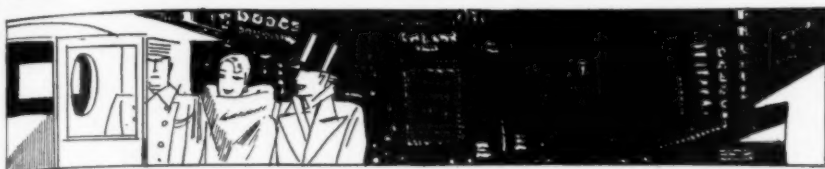


It seems to me
they're just
a pest
but it may be
I don't
know best;



I've looked for
what is good
in Crows
but what it is
Zeus only
knows.





ALONG THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

You'll probably break down and groan when you learn that I have finally gone native. Well, I have, Willard, but I'm not ashamed. Let them point at me as if I were French pastry and say, "There goes a moron," but I'm glad I discovered that I am, while I'm still adolescent. I found out that frequenting the nickelodeons on 42nd Street, depositing a penny and then turning a crank on those gadgets marked: "Alone at Last!"—"What Girls Do"—"Ain't Love Grand?" and other gimmicks, is all a waste of time.

Now that summer has come, one need not go to these joints for a thrill. I discovered that you can stand on the south side of 41st Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues these warm eves and see a mess of Eves from Ziegfeld's "Rosalie" company cooling themselves on the fire escapes outside of their undressing rooms. Everybody who is nobody is doing it, Willard, and when "Scandals" comes to town, they tell me, there's more eye-filling George White hopes to be ogled on 43rd Street. Yop, it seems that the staff of the *Times*, who tenant in the Times Annex, which is across the way, work for hardly nothing because of the Ann Penningtons and other baby dolls who Can't Stand the Heat unless it comes in bottles.

Talk about the local morons! I was anklung on 46th Street the other sundown and a choir was rehearsing in a church. Beautiful voices, too, Willard. But across the street in one of the brownstone dwellings a second-rate musical show was being whipped into shape, and clogging the pavement in front of it was a huge group of gaping fellows having the time of their lives. Not one of them could be interested in the choir. I could end this paragraph by saying "That's New York!"

But I'm up to here with so much gossip that if I don't unload a mess of it all over you, I'll bust. Frinstance: Did you know that the only persons in England who wear straw hats are butchers?....

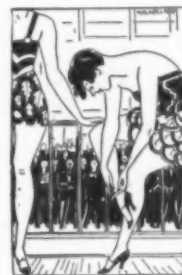
Mary Earl, who wrote "Beautiful Ohio," which sold over three million copies, is a man named Bob King.... Mary Mulhearn of "Scandals" poses for Blue Jay Corn Plasters.... Ben Hecht, collaborator on the salty play, "The Front Page," who also wrote that hardboiled flicker called "Underworld," lithph.... There is a press agent in town who exploits a biblical film who is an atheist.... The Grand Street Boys' Clubhouse is not in the Ghetto but on 55th Street.... David Belasco punctuates his telegrams with "Hooray" instead of "Stop.".... Frisco was once a prize-fighter but he had to give it up as the resin got in his eyes.... Did you know that they have apartments in the Metropolitan Opera House?.... Well, they have.... "King Lear" is not only the name of a Shakespeare play but also the tag of a 43rd Street employment agency.... Lee Tracy, who played the hooper in that hit called "Broadway,"

can't even do a time-step.... Ben Bernie says he was offered a job in a London show but that he turned it down because London has no speakeasies.... Heywood Broun, who was once Sacco-analysed, was the Pulitzer surprise of the year.... "Don't be a hairpin!" is Broadwayese for "Don't be so old-fashioned!" and the height of being a cad these days is hitting a woman with your hat on. Well, it Whoopee long now!

Walter Winchell.

(Another answer to Walter Winchell.)
PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR WALTER: "Oh," as Courtney Akt has all too often said, "to be in April now that London's here." It has been raining constantly. I'm sorry if this information causes several hundred Californians to cancel their trip to Paris, but the French city is all wet. I've been nursing a cold for over a week, taking some form of hair tonic because I don't know the French word for aspirin. I tried "asperge," but they brought on asparagus.



"You were going to give your old man some sort of surprise on Father's Day. Did you do it?"

"I'll say I did. I didn't send home for any money that week."

A huge crowd gathered at the Champs-Élysées the other day. I fought my way through the mob to find the source of interest. They were staring at a Frenchman. I joined them, and now after a month's visit here, I know what one of them looks like. He doesn't wear a béret, a long beard, a cape and a stick.

The town is full of Americans, particularly American "writers." You don't have to work too hard to be known as a "writer"; all that is necessary is to have contributed a "My Most Embarrassing Moment" letter to the *Daily News*, or a question to Dr. Cadman's column, or a treatise on "Why I Think Sex Is a Good Thing" to any one of the Macfadden publications. I must warn you that all of these writers are over here to write a novel. In fact, they're all working on the same one. Do what you can to have a law passed in the States prohibiting novel-writing.

Frances Newman, author of that book with the succinct title, "Dead Lovers Are Faithful Lovers," just addressed a society of women. She expressed the opinion that all women are congenital writers. This is a conclusion I came to when I read Peaches Browning's autobiography, which I thought was infinitely superior to Jack Dempsey's memoirs.

Louis Bromfield, who had a great deal to say about criticism in America, hasn't got over it yet. He continues to give lectures before groups of ladies. What some men won't do for a cup of tea!

F. Gemier, the actor, is planning an International Theater Tournament. All countries will be represented at this festival. I can imagine the arrival of Walter Hampden as "The Spirit of Columbus Circle," and Miss Mae West stepping daintily off the boat as "Miss America." Roll that over in your mind as an excellent way of getting her out of New York.

There is a new hotel going up in Paris to be called Hôtel Lindbergh. And all the proprietor of that establishment has to do in order to win two beautifully colored eyes is to call the elevator in his building "We."
Arthur Kober.

HOPEFUL

CALLER (trying to keep up her end of the conversation): And how is your little boy getting on with his drumming lessons?

PROUD MOTHER: Splendidly! The only thing he doesn't quite get is the rhythm.

It's generally a wrong road that has no turning.



SISTER: So all the girls are crazy about you, are they? How do you do it?

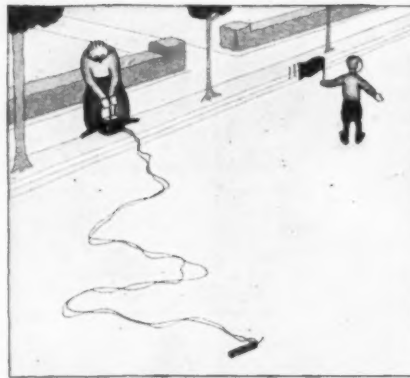
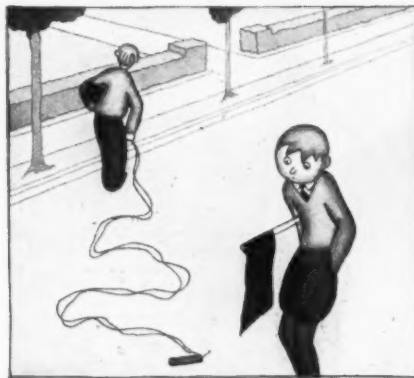
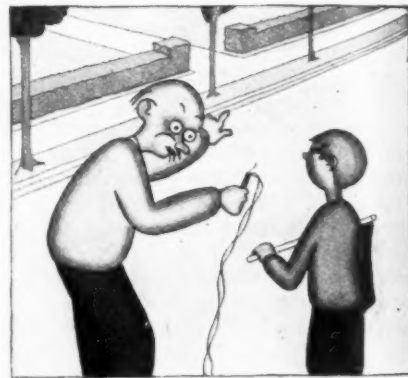
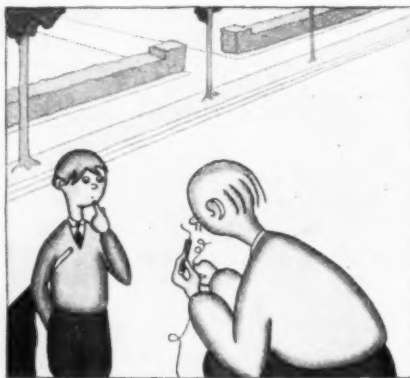
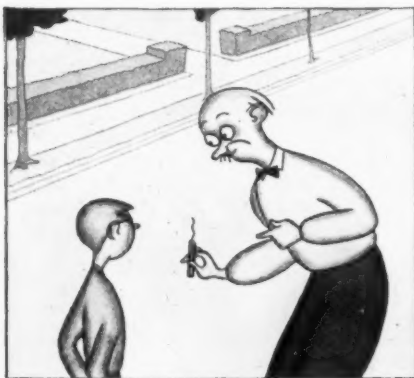
BROTHER: Oh—it's a gift.

SISTER: Is it? How much?

SERVICE

"My boy," said the old lady to a youngster standing in a drugstore with a smoldering cigarette in his hands, "don't you know that you should not smoke?"

"I ain't smokin'," came the reply. "I'm watchin' this fag for a lady what's in the phone booth there talkin'."



THE EXCAVATION CONTRACTOR HELPS HIS SON CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

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Finesse in Busmanship

The Future of Flying

FLYING clubs will be formed all over the country.

Several attempts to fly across the ocean will be made.

Several attempts to fly across the ocean will be unsuccessful.

Dozens of new books will be written about aviation. Two of them will reach second editions.

Patents will be applied for on ten thousand new inventions, any one of which will make flying fool-proof.

Aviation courses by mail will add to the post-office congestion and letter carriers will demand a wage increase. An article will be published in the Sunday paper showing that an aviator's life is less hazardous than a letter carrier's.

Several public-spirited citizens with acres of waste-land will agitate for more air fields. The same public-spirited citizens will offer their waste-land to the Government for this purpose, at a price.

Stock will be sold in one hundred new aero companies. Some of this stock might reach par.

Several million people will applaud news-reel pictures of heroic aviators.

Several million people will have the

originality to comment afterwards: "Yes, but there's only one Lindy."

An unknown doctor will break into print by giving a pain in the neck a



"I would like a globe, please, a very small one. If you have one with only the United States on, I'll take that!"

Greek name and stating the disease is due to aviation. Three people with pains-in-their-necks will believe the doctor. Others will use Gloan's Liniment.

Two boys who steal \$27.24 will offer the unique defense that they wanted to buy an airplane. A multimillionaire who steals the country's oil supply will claim he did it to conserve the oil that this country might lead in aviation. The jury, stirred by such patriotism, will acquit the multimillionaire. Two jurors will ride to church in automobiles a block long to hear the minister denounce aviation as a menace to the morals of the country.

Two boys in jail because they stole \$27.24 will read that the Democrats attribute the prosperity of this country to the growth of aviation. The Republicans will also issue a statement. They will credit the growth and prosperity of aviation to the Republicans.

H. F. Mueller.

MUTUAL AID

FIRST AMATEUR: Say, old man, I'm stuck. Will you go over to my house and put my radio in order?

SECOND AMATEUR: Sure, if you'll just run up to my house and fix mine.



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 91

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

As you read this, Al Smith will be receiving the Democratic presidential nomination, unless he shall have been run over by a five-ton truck after this issue of LIFE has gone to press. Alice Paul, Tom Heflin, and Theodore Roosevelt, Minor, have all said he would not do, yet there he is; and there, too, is Herbert Hoover, despite the equally raucous protests of equally embittered and eminent citizens. It has been a long time since the two major candidates for the Presidency have been men of such obvious competence, or have been hated with such vindictive and personal animosity. Which is gratifying proof of the subtlety and power of discrimination possessed by citizens of this great republic, who obey the scriptural injunction not to let your left hand know what your right hand doeth.

The ordinary American, selecting a general manager for his private business, would be guided primarily by the candidates' ability to fill the job honestly and well. But when it comes to selecting a general manager for the public business, on which the stability and prosperity of all private business very largely depends, he is apt to object to Smith because he is a Catholic, or because he prefers a glass of good beer at a nickel to a drink of Prohibition whiskey at seventy-five cents; and Hoover is equally obnoxious, not because of any failing in his administrative record, but because people do not like his associates, or his face, or his collars. It is true that a man set on the throne by Bill Vare, with the earnest connivance of Rush Holland, George Lockwood, and John T. Adams, does not seem quite the Christian citizen depicted for us by Mabel Walker Willebrandt; but no Christian citizen should be condemned for following the authoritative advice to make

friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. Whether Smith or Hoover, or our candidate Mr. Rogers, wins next November, the nation will have for the next four years a President big enough for the job. If Smith's religion or Hoover's collars annoy you, remember that it is only eight years since you had a choice between Harding and Cox, and thank the Lord for His infinite and unprovoked mercies.

MEANWHILE, one wonders if a great change in the center of political gravity of this nation is not about to take place, whoever may be elected. For the actual ruling class of the United States is not represented by any of the candidates for the Presidency. Al Smith is backed by a curious alliance of urban proletarians and forward-looking sociologists. Hoover, one supposes, may be held to represent the ideology of Big Business, of the bankers and great industrialists who by the very size of their business are compelled to envisage the world as a whole, and to be aware that the United States is only one, even if the largest and most powerful, of a family of nations. In the past eight years, this class has got very little that it wanted out of the Republican party; only a Socialist, bound by his rigid and unalterable dogmas, can believe any longer that Big Business rules the United States.



THE CLASS that has actually ruled the country for eight years past could not quite accurately be called Small Business; but Middle-Sized Business or Small Plutocracy would suit it well enough. The dominant American of late has been the

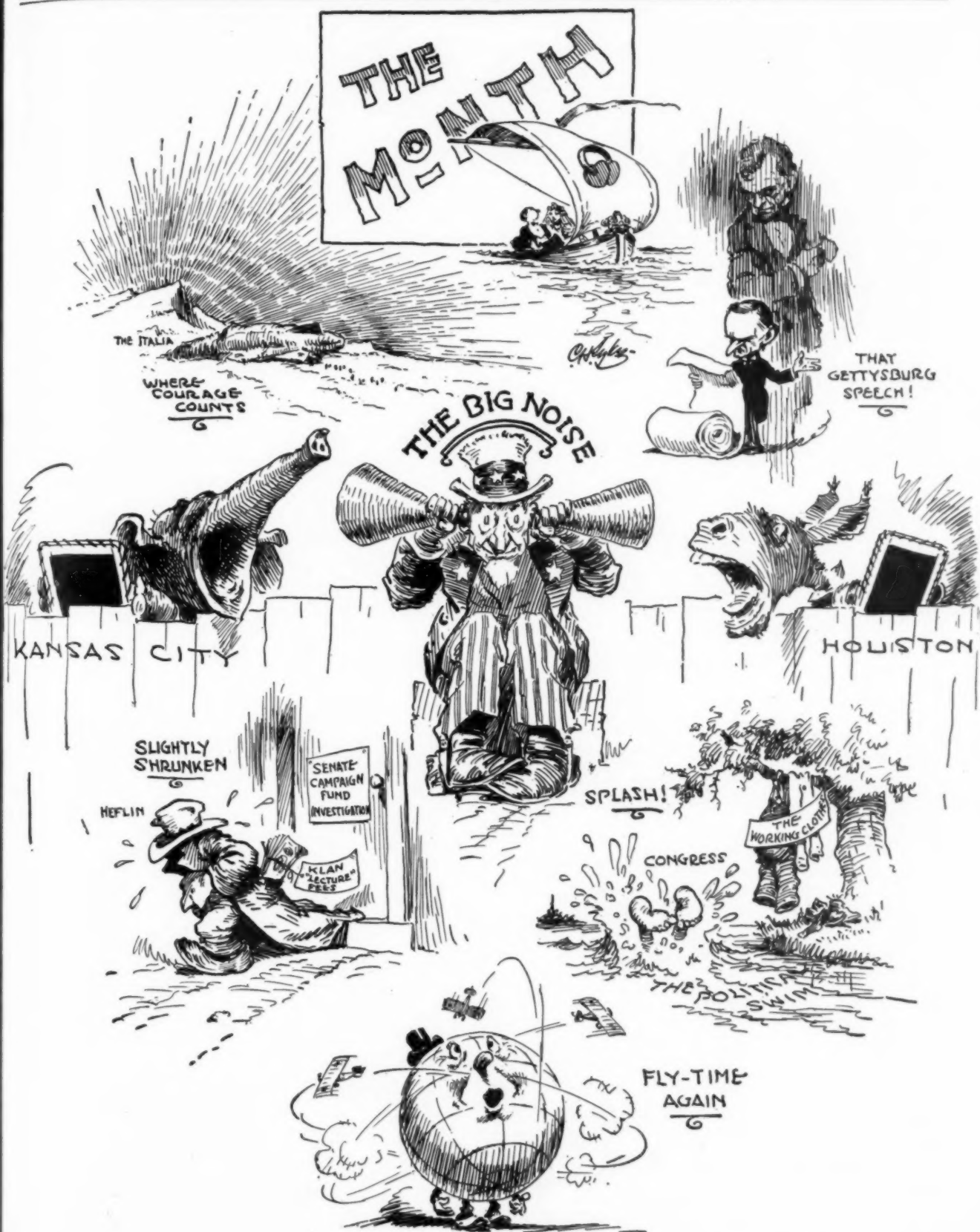
middle-sized city; the (one returns to the inevitable but accurate stencil) Babbitt, whose ideas on international policy are limited to the twin convictions that the tariff should be jacked up once more and that every nickel of the war debts should be collected. Till lately it had been supposed that this class, whatever its failings, was conservative and cautious; and that its great idol was that conservative and cautious statesman, Calvin Coolidge. But the simultaneous collapse of inflated valuations that took place in Kansas City and Wall Street two weeks ago suggests that it was not the conservative investor but the sucker speculator who put his faith in the august Calvin. Have we misread Coolidge, or Hoover, or the Small Plutocrat? A nation that had been taught to regard Coolidge as the indispensable palladium of our liberties and prosperities, and Mellon as the sum of all human wisdom, has been undergoing some rather painful re-education of late.

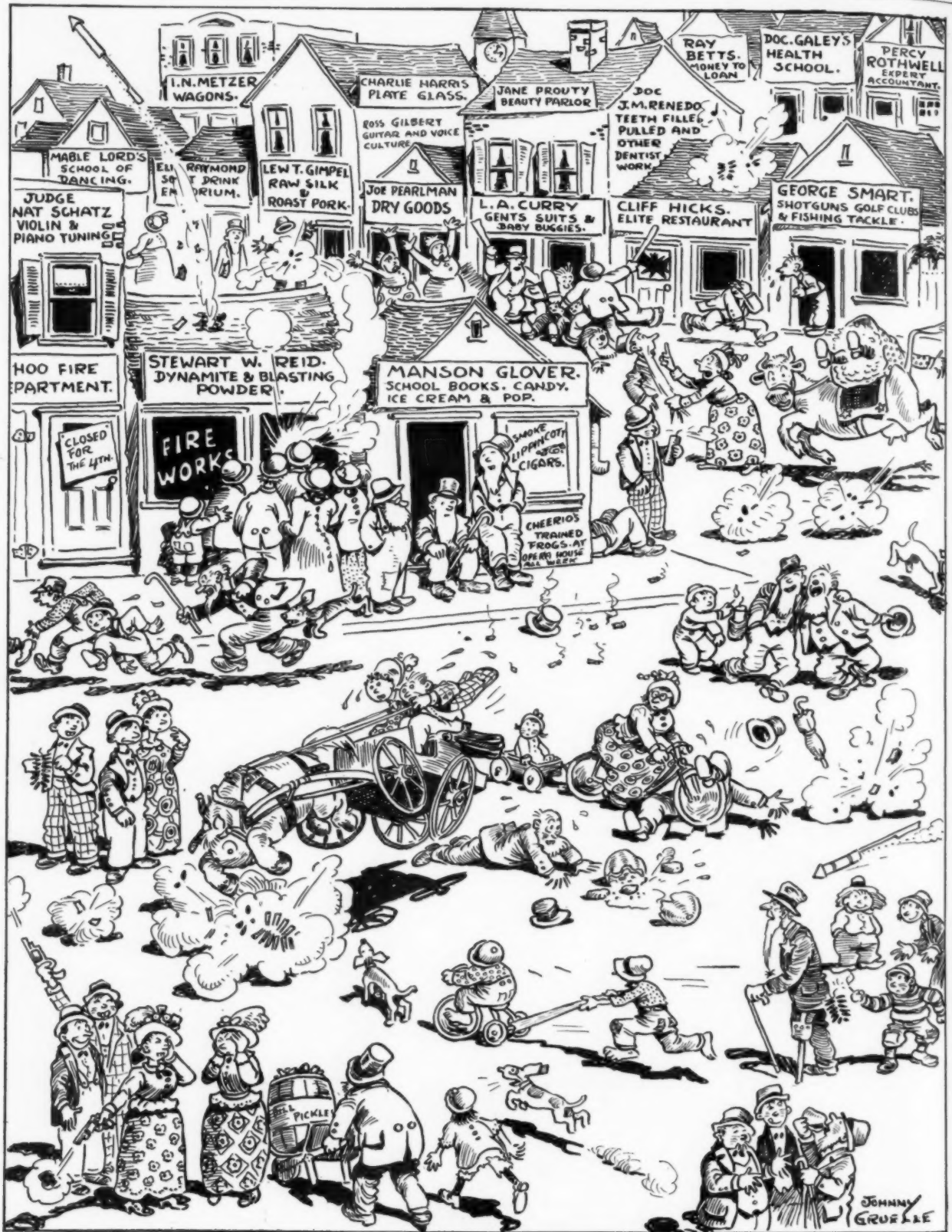
The one indubitable lesson that can be drawn from all these recent occurrences is that a man who thrice refuses a kingly crown is likely, if he is not careful, to be taken at his word.



THE LATE readjustment, as the devout call it, of the Stock Market has brought some comfort to us old-fashioned conservatives who were brought up on the multiplication table and kindred outworn superstitions. For a year past our friends who were getting rich in Radio and General Motors have been assuring us (as they assured us in 1919, and as investors in Florida real estate assured us in 1925) that modern conditions had created a new heaven and a new earth; more particularly a new heaven, in which prices would keep on rising forever and we could all get rich by unloading our holdings on each other. Well, once more it has been proved that all that goes up must come down; and that whatever may have happened to the Ten Commandments of late years, the elementary laws of mathematics are yet to be disproved. There is little romance and idealism in the statement that two and two make four; but as a major premise it is likely to prove a little more satisfactory and workable than the optimistic theory, lately current, that two and two make twenty-seven, or as much more as the price at which you bought the stock may require.

Elmer Davis.





A Quiet Fourth at Yahoo Center

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Sacred and Profane

THE practice grew up during the war of distinguished representatives of foreign Governments proceeding to Mount Vernon to deposit a wreath on the grave of George Washington. The tribute thus shown was proper, gracious and impressive. Since 1921, however, the burial place of Washington has been neglected in favor of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, which is much nearer town, and most unhappily accessible to any cheap person or organization desiring to get free publicity. The daily exploitation of this shrine for purposes of advertising has reached the point where it is an outrage upon good taste and an affront to our American dead who are there commemorated.

There isn't much use, however, in getting excited about good taste. In the first few years of its existence, this Tomb was unguarded, save for an officer of Arlington Cemetery in a badge and sweater. Owing to the peculiar situation of the grave at the very roadside, it was possible to debouch large motor parties within a foot or two of the sarcophagus. It became the not infrequent practice for tourists to take snapshots of their friends and families actually sitting on the granite slab that covers the Unknown.

Lunches were consumed in the immediate vicinity, if not right at the Tomb. There was some flinging about of peanut shells and other debris. Attempts were even made to scrawl initials, and it was a mere question of time before some enthusiastic souvenir-hunter would have chipped a fragment from the stone, had not the Government intervened with the establishment of a military guard.

TODAY the Tomb is protected from defacement. Some semblance of reverence is forced upon the itinerant visitor, but it remains fair game for any person of the slightest prominence or notoriety, who wishes to get his picture in the rotogravure sections of our Sunday newspapers.

It has become part of the regular program of all conventions that meet in Washington to proceed to the Tomb *en masse* and deposit a wreath. The movie and still cameras are set up and there is a frantic scramble to get into the exposure. Men's hats may or may not be removed. The convention may be discuss-

ing a six-day week for delicatessen dealers, but it is duly photographed in a mob scene at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Prize-fighters, motion picture actors, inventors, foreign and domestic novelists, aviatrixes, bishops, chambers of commerce, delegations from home towns, petty bureaucrats of European Governments, Governors of States, winners of prize contests and indorsers of popular brands of cosmetics and cigarettes—all visit the Tomb and get photographed. It is a sure-fire method of getting public attention. Arlington has become a press-agent's paradise.

WHAT, if anything, can be done about it I do not know. The Government cannot prohibit the placing of wreaths on the Tomb. Such a course would be distasteful from any aspect, even if it did not involve Government officials in constant difficulties. The good taste of individuals and organizations does not seem to govern. Yet I decline to believe that the real sentiment of the country is represented in the odious performances at this grave.

As an experiment I suggest that the War Department for a period of six months prohibit the taking of any photographs whatever at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and await the result. I predict that pilgrimages with set pieces would diminish 50 per cent.

THERE has been much discussion in Congress and outside of the final form that this grave should assume. At present there is a massive but simple sarcophagus of marble with no inscription. The excellent Mr. Madden of Illinois, late Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, prevented



"Drove to New Rochelle yesterday in three hours."

"Boy! That's saving time! What did you do when you got there?"

"Came back in two hours and forty minutes."



FIRST FORTUNE TELLER: How do you like your new crystal-gazing job?

SECOND SOOTHSAYER: Oh, it pays well; but of course there's no future in it.

during his lifetime the precipitate erection of some fancy sculpture to "complete" the Tomb. He gave his consent, just before his death, to an appropriation of \$50,000 for a suitable monument. A competition is now in progress among five architects for this work, for which a net sum of \$44,000 will be available.

So the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier is to be "completed" after all. The winning design, however, must pass the scrutiny of the Fine Arts Commission, the Arlington Commission and the Battle Monuments Commission. This last body, of which Gen. Pershing is Chairman, has done such magnificent service in preventing the construction of miscellaneous mortuary monuments on our battlefields in France that it is certain no elaborate defacement will be permitted, if Pershing has anything to say.

Nevertheless, I would much prefer—and there must be thousands of Americans who agree—that the existing marble slab have "AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER" carved upon its serene surface, the imagination of his own generation and posterity to do the rest. *Henry Suydam.*

"YOUR ORDER RECEIVED"

HE: Some day I'll get a kiss, eh?

SHE: Check.

HE: And what will you get?

SHE: Check!



THE THEATRE

The Call to the Vineyard

A GREAT wave of moral regeneration has swept over this department and any of the old poolroom crowd who used to read it for its advocacy of strong drink and birth control had better look elsewhere. We have seen the light and are purged with hyssop. Please read a little further, brother, and see if you, too, may not hear the Great Call.

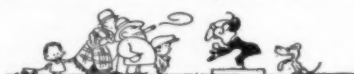
It was the combined surge of "Her Unborn Child" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom" on successive nights which carried us into the fold. We went—a cynical, sneering fellow with our city ways—to scoff at these honest dramas, and came away beating our breast under the sackcloth. What a blind fool we have been all these years!



THE LESSON in "Her Unborn Child" did not strike home quite so forcefully as that of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," for we had a couple of school term-bills in our pocket to prove that birth control has not been one of our peccadillos. But we have been associated, in this very magazine, with a movement to discredit Prohibition and have winked at its evasion among our friends, and "Ten Nights in a Barroom" struck us with full force. Henceforth this page will have a rebel editorial policy all its own in opposition to that of the rest of the paper, a whole-hearted espousal of the war against all liquor with the possible exception of Tom Collinses.

The audiences at "Her Unborn Child" are living refutations of the charge that New York is a hell-hole of sophisticated sinners. To hear the applause which greets *Dr. Remington's* ringing refusal to "have anything to do with the thing," and the laughter which follows each comedy line involving the little girl's discomfort in sitting down after having been spanked, is to be convinced that New Yorkers are as upright and naïve a group of citizens as those of Bellows Falls, Vermont. The forces of Evil out on a campaign tour would have a pretty thin time of it among the patrons of the Forty-Eighth Street Theater.

It is true, of course, that the Forty-Eighth Street Theater belongs to Mr. LeBlang, the cut-rate ticket king, and that his clientele are not representative of the typical city chap, but they are, after all, New Yorkers for the most part and, as such, are hardly distinguishable from the audiences which have been cheering "Her Unborn Child" in the provinces for many years. This is its second appearance in the wicked metropolis, and, judging from its reception, this town is the headquarters for Clean Living and Clean Fun.



KATHLEEN KIRKWOOD has produced "Ten Nights in a Barroom" just as it should be produced—with a straight face. The actors are quite serious about it and even the two lady musicians who play in the wings (protected from theater draughts by feather boas) seem to believe that they are a part of a great, good work. Nobody concerned with the production feels superior to the lines which have to be read, and no one is consumed with an appreciation of the deliciousness of it all, as has so often been the case when our more important actors and actresses essay to bring back the old days of the theater.

Mae West has been luckier with her "Diamond Lil" in having been taken up by the social intelligentsia and hailed as a great actress, but her play might well have been grouped with "Ten Nights in a Barroom" as a comic revival had her preliminary publicity been less felicitous—or her own personality less commanding. If some social or intellectual arbiter could start a fad for going to "Ten Nights in a Barroom," who knows but that so many hearts would be touched by *Little Mary's* plight that it would become the fashion to abstain from alcohol.



AND throughout this drama of the Curse of Drink there is the horrid feeling that William W. Pratt, the author, was right. The synopsis of Act I, Scene 2, as given in the program: "Romaine's

second visit; rum beginning its work. Morgan, the slave of drink; his expulsion from the barroom; the catastrophe—'Father! They have killed me!'" or of Scene 3: "Morgan at home—'Father, don't leave little Mary tonight!' Morgan's promise. Mrs. Slade visits Mary. Morgan's fearful delirium"—who can read these and not recall some incident in his own life—even a headache or violent nausea—which makes him wish that he had seen this play in time?



HERE, also, we find the 1858 version of Eugene O'Neill's revolutionary method of showing what a character is really thinking. When *Frank Slade* stands alone on the stage and says to himself: "A year has rolled on its course since I first saw this spot," the difference between his ruminations and those of *Charlie Marsden* in the first scene of "Strange Interlude" is one merely of brevity. The words are almost identical. *Frank Slade* doesn't take quite so long about it, that's all. And surely *Mr. Romaine's* confidential observation to the audience: "How true it is that experience is the only teacher that mankind believes," could be inserted in "Strange Interlude" without anyone's being the wiser, philosophy and all. We laugh when *Harvey Green* steps to the footlights and says, behind his hand so that *Willie Hammond* will not hear him: "What an ass he is!" But when *Nina Leeds* does the same thing we give her a Pulitzer Prize.



Idle rumination during the singing of "In the Gloaming" between the acts of "Ten Nights in a Barroom": When, in 1998, some waggish producer revives "Strange Interlude" as an example of the quaint old-fashioned drama of 1928, what song will be sung between the acts to typify the ingenuousness of the lyric-writers of the Coolidge era? Instead of "In the gloaming, oh, my darling," will audiences scream with delight at the naïveté of "I'm so hot and bothered that I don't know my elbow from my ear"? And what will be the smart love-lyric of 1998? Probably something like "In the gloaming, oh, my darling."

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 24.

Yes, Isn't It?

YESTERDAY I received letters from ten large business concerns. Following is a list of the names of the men who signed these ten letters and to whom I addressed my replies:

RYZTMOR PYMTRS
UWNMTU BXRAO
SSS—MUUDR—
ATXMD5 JKLKWA
ZHTZY KYTD—
— BW—
OOU— TXNB
GRBDNG QUTIWS
RWSNJK JZR—

It's really amazing how many foreigners we have in this country.

Frederic Bauer.

BRUCE: Dick is certainly persevering in his pursuit of that flapper.

WEATHERBY: Yes, he won't be happy till he pets it.

THE RADIO



Quadrupling in Brass

WHEN you sit there in front of your radio listening to the music that comes in as if by magic, do you ever give a thought to the poor entertainers who suffer and risk their lives in order that you, you lazy hulk, may be amused? You do not. Much you care if the announcers get sore throats. Much you care if the work is so dangerous that the movie stars use doubles for their radio chats.

In your spoiled way you think that all there is to broadcasting is standing up in

a velvet-covered room and making a fool of yourself in front of an open-work saucer. Little you care whether the Happiness Boys are really happy or not.

Well, I have seen some of the suffering that goes on in handsomely furnished sound-proof rooms. Let us consider the case of Cornelius Hupf, ostensibly a 'cello player but in reality only a clog in a big machine. Mr. Hupf is a member of the staff orchestra of a network of stations that grips the country like an octopus, only an octopus has more heart. Let Mr. Hupf tell his story in his own words. He tells it well; he has been reading Bernarr Macfadden.

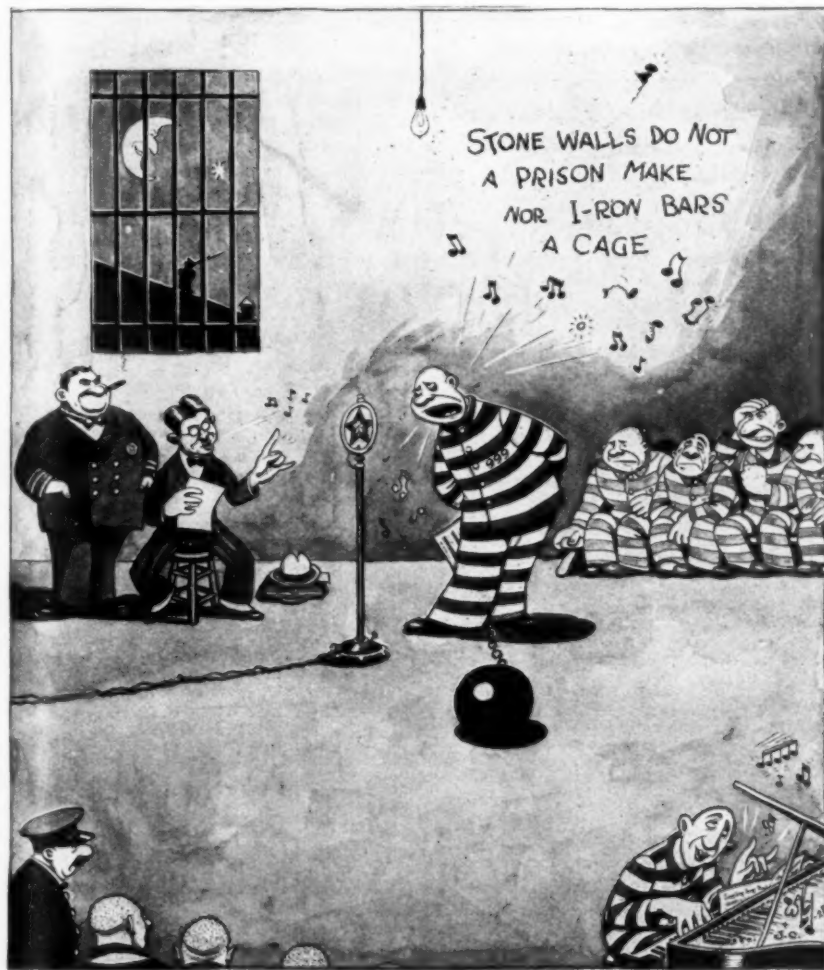
"You want to know something of life and work in a big studio? Well, my advice to the boys and girls of this country is: don't go to Hollywood—I mean, don't go into radio broadcasting. To the public, life in a radio studio is all parties, all merry-making, all speeches by President Coolidge. But that impression is false. If the public persists in thinking that we get too much fun and money out of this business, we will hire ourselves a Will Hays.

"A day in a studio sounds gay enough, I must admit, to the distant listener—An Hour of Fun and Fancy with the Magic Washing Powder Boys, Thirty Minutes of High Jinx with the Hungry Hungarians—Hungry for Harvey's Soups. It's all very soft for those who have nothing to do but sit back and listen to the Jolly Exterminators or the Sunny Syncopators, makers of plate glass windows for schools, homes and offices.

"But pause a minute and I will tell you something that will ruin your day. You think that all these orchestras are so many bands of carefree musicians who drop into the studio for an hour or so, dressed in their native costumes, and then hurry home with their work done for the week? If that's what you think, then you are nothing but a gullible sap. Now brace yourself for the low-down.

"All those orchestras are one and the same bunch of men. And I am one of them. I play the 'cello. If I have to play 'Selections from "Mlle. Modiste"' once more I am going to drape this 'cello around somebody's ears.

"In the morning I begin my day as one of the Vitamine Flake Boys, sent to you by the courtesy of the Vitamine Flake Corporation, makers of breakfast foods that start the day with a vim. Then I am a Hicks Hustler and besides playing a 'cello I have to make off-stage effects that are supposed to sound like a vacuum cleaner. Imitating a vacuum cleaner may be fun every now and then,



BROADCASTING NIGHT AT THE PENITENTIARY



"Who seems to be coming out ahead in the Convention, dear?"
 "I'm not sure, but I think it's Graham McNamee."

just for a lark, but try doing it week in and week out and see how fed-up you get.

"Playing the music wouldn't be so bad—you could put cotton in your ears—if it weren't for the changes of costume. Would you like to dress yourself up as a Peebles Polar Bear for one hour every Tuesday night all during the summer? And why? All because Mr. Peebles—and he should be hung up by the thumbs—makes moth balls.

"Who sees us? Who cares? Nobody sees us but a great many people must care. If word got around that the Polar Bears fiddled in their shirt sleeves or that the Hungry Hungarians were neither Hungarians nor hungry, the bottom would drop out of the whole business. The illusion would be gone. And thousands of men and women, heart-hungry for romance, would feel bitter and cheated.

"I pay the price so that you may have your dreams. But sometimes when my elbow is as tired as if I had pitched an extra-inning game, I, as a Magic Washing Boy, a Hungry Hungarian, a Jolly Exterminator, a Sunny Syncopator, a Vitamine Flake Boy, a Hicks Hustler and a Peebles Polar Bear, hope you choke."

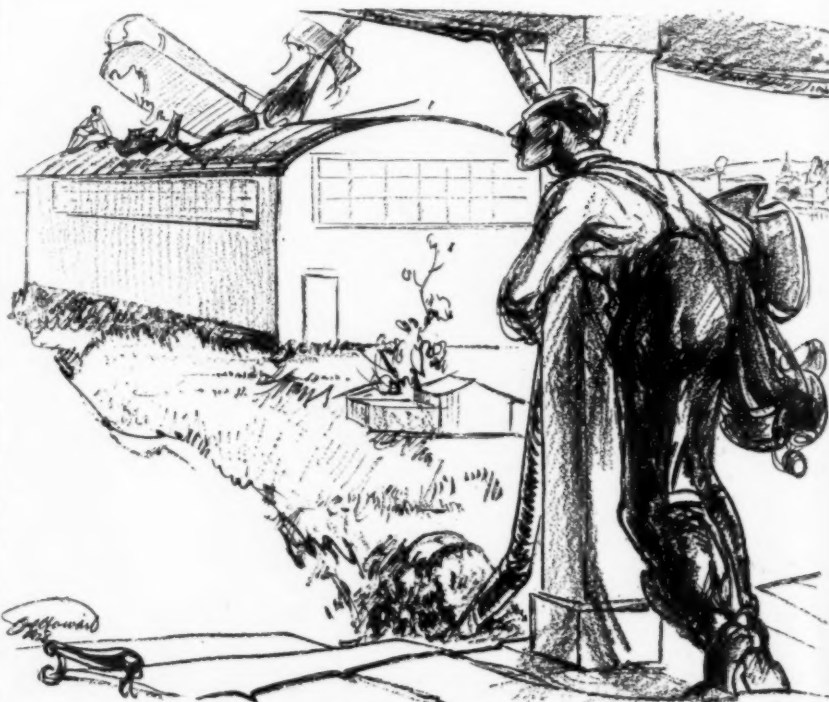
Agnes Smith.

We wonder who will make the first non-shop flight anywhere.

OVER THE PHONE

"I WANNA find out if a citizen has any rights in this country!"

"You'll hafta call Information—this is the Public Defender's office."



THE AVIATOR WHO TAUGHT HIS WIFE TO DRIVE

A Song After Marriage

If I had never met you at that dance;
 If there were less of magic in a waltz;
 If I'd not seen a certain furtive glance;
 If moonlight did not hide those little faults;

If you'd been out when I dropped 'round next day;

If you had not gone out with me to dine;

If we had seen some less romantic play;
 If there were never sentiment in wine;

If license clerks were not in league with Cupid;

If wedding rings were fenced by more than grins,

Today I would not blush and look so stupid

While purchasing this buggy for the twins!

Dalnar Devening.

DEFINITION

AVERAGE MAN—The fellow who can guide his car past trucks, pedestrians, highway obstructions, street cars, traffic officers, signal lights, etc., without becoming disconcerted by the wagging windshield wiper directly before his eyes, and who misses a ten-inch putt because his opponent takes a practice swing behind his back.

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

San Francisco

Dr. PERRY BYERLY, our genial earthquake expert, has gone to Europe to tell experts over there about earthquakes in Southern California. He also will discuss the fire in San Francisco in 1906.

***Mr. and Mrs. Allen Bartlett have bought a new green sweater for their bulldog. They are going to teach him to button it up himself.

***Chief Dan O'Brien, who is the proud father of George O'Brien, the moving picture actor, threw out the dragnet several times last week, assisted by Capt. Duncan Matheson. They also combed the city.

***Mr. Don Wiley and Mr. John Palmer were guests of your correspondent at a unique radio party recently. Delicious refreshments were served and a good time was had by all, the neighbors believe.

***Harrison Holloway, genial KFRC announcer, has been hit by one of "Cupid's Darts," we hear. Well, he is one of the few announcers we would not like to hear had been hit by something worse.

Chet Johnson.

Naples (Italy)

GUMMO MARX, the spare carried by the Four Marx Brothers, has just left for Rome to visit the Princess Potenziani, who is the daughter of the Roman James J. Walker. Gummo and the Princess won the mixed doubles in the deck tennis tournament aboard the SS. "Roma," recently touching at this port. The Princess says that Gummo is un grido acuto. *Variety* and *Women's Wear* please copy.

***Mr. and Mrs. George Pattullo have left for Switzerland where they will spend the summer. They lingered in Genoa only long enough to drop in at the cathedral and say a few prayers for the continued health of George Horace Lorimer.

***Beatrice ("Tootsie") Kaufman is lingering in Naples to write another chapter on her magnum opus, "Frigidity in Men."

✧ There will be no dirty cracks at a certain statesman in this dispatch, for we

Italian correspondents know which side our bread is buttered on.

***Your correspondent dined recently at the Hotel Cappuccini in Amalfi, a hilltop inn sacred to the memory of a celebrated guest known locally as Enrico Wadsworth Longfellow. The greatest excitement Amalfi has felt since the last eruption of Vesuvius was caused by the spectacle of two (and later four) litter bearers attempting to carry your correspondent up the two hundred steps of the terrace. These men have since resigned to take up umbrella mending.

Alexander Woolcott.

Wilmington

SUMMER opened up pretty good last week in these environs but somebody closed it again right away.

***John B. Niles is papering his house.

***What with our own Christopher Ward publishing his "Saga of Cap'n John Smith," John Biggs, Jr.'s novel running in *Scribner's*, Scott Fitzgerald's spending most all last summer here and Isabel Paterson, the *Herald Tribune's* critic's passing through here on the Pennsylvania railroad a few weeks ago, we are getting to be some considerable literary center pretty fast. Greenwich Village and Indianapolis, look to your laurels, say we.

✧ P. S. duPont of General Motors says his company is selling quite a few new cars these days. P. S. doesn't think the new Ford's so hot.

***Sgt. Lon Williams, the genial (ah there, Lonnie!) duPont dyestuffer, spent four years in China, and after drawing to an inside straight with practically fatal results, the amount of Chink cuss words he can emit is something terrible.

***Col. William Latimer Holter, who lives somewhere up in one of the Newtons, was in our midst O. K. a few weeks ago. We forgot to mention it at the time, what with one thing and another. Pardon us, Bill, is our remark.

***Ye scribe traveled all the way up to Hoboken, N. J., the other day and when he got there he couldn't remember what

for. That's just the sort of a place Hoboken seems like it is.

Roscoe O. McGosshe.

Detroit

JOHNNIE SMITH, a home town boy whom many will remember when he was just a Mayor here, is reported as having a responsible position this summer promoting horse races over in Ontario.

***Al Weeks, our shining literary light, has been sojourning briefly in New York where he directed the staging of his play. Another play is already running there, but it isn't considered so good, Al says.

***What might have been a serious mishap was narrowly averted at the Ginger Ale plant Tuesday afternoon. This ale is always "aged four years in the wood." On Tuesday an inexperienced workman was just on the point of drawing off a batch aged three years and 364 days, when the horrified foreman saw him and sprang to stop it.

***Crop report: Bass fishing, camping and getting back to nature are ripe in the land of Michigan.

***Mr. Will Hays of Calif., whose remarks before the U. S. Senate were so widely quoted, Saturdayed in town, he having addressed a select audience of Board of Commerce members. His message was quite educational in its nature, say those who heard him.

✧ Come one, come all! The Fourth will be appropriately celebrated here with fireworks, speeches, Barnum's circus, speeches, etc. Hear a real twenty-piece band, meet your friends and trip the light fantastic. Nuf sed!

Elmer C. Adams.

Houston

OUR popular fellow citizen Frank Sterling had his house to burn on him fifty thousand dollars' worth the other night. The newspaper didn't need to write it up. Everyone was there.

***René Joubert (pronounced "You Bear"), Houston representative of the French Line, is going to marry one of

our city's charming daughters, maybe the Fourth of July, and take her to tour Europe, visiting every country over there. He told ye scribe it wouldn't take long, for the countries over there are so close together they touch.

***A good many strangers, mostly Democrats, are on our streets. There are said to be quite a sprinkling of Republicans, but Chief of Police Tom Goodson has gave it out that he has imported quite a lot of special officers for the convention and any ribaldry or disturbances will be promptly dealt with. They will not be permitted to hooraw the candidates.

***Kenesaw Mountain Landis in our midst the other day to dedicate our new baseball stadium. He was interviewed by ye scribe, and told him that that is his real name.

***Our esteemed fellow citizen, J. W. Neal, one of the founders of the Cheek & Neal Coffee Company which sold out recently to the Postum Cereal Company for \$45,000,000, told ye scribe that he might have got one or two hundred dollars more out of them but he didn't want them to regret their bargain.

***Electrically refrigerated ice water fountains have been installed in the coliseum where the Democratic Convention is being held, on the chance that there might a few want to use them.

***Ye scribe was told that W. G. McAdoo from way out in California is in town but our informant didn't say what for; though he suspected that Bill probably came just for the trip.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Cleveland

NEWT BAKER is visiting friends in Houston (Tex.).

***Tom Copeland of here gave a good account of himself in the English literature tournament between his Alma Mater and Harvard College. Whether he will take up pugilism professionally, deponent saith not.

***Safety Director Barry, who has been striving lustily against the gambling and booze interests here, leaves on his vacation soon. Ed is going to Canada.

***Ted Robinson wrote a poem about June the other day, he praising it.

✂ Send some books and magazines to the Public Library for our Bluejackets on the Lake. They will be appreciated, as will also some good telephone numbers.

***Things are slack in local hot coffee

and waffle palaces, which is mighty strange considering that July is at hand, say we, but some wafflers hint that a whole lot of folks feel waffles are not healthy in months having no "w."

***A visitor in town the other day was Ad Menjou, whose father was prop. of the old Berghof here. Ad is now in business in Hollywood (Cal.) and doing well.

***Doc Crile is looking forward to a big goiter crop.

Old Subscriber.

Kansas City

RAINS have been frequent and the wheat, rye, dandelions and other crops are doing fine at this writing.

***J. Clyde Nichols, the genial realtor, is back from a flying trip to Europe. He spent some weeks in Spain, which he says is a great little country.

***Postmaster Bill Morton has put new points in all post office pens that were ruined by the G. O. P. delegates.

✂ Watch this space for announcement that the G. O. P. nominee for president will be Herbert Hoover.

***Lawyer Jim Reed has brought out all the porch chairs and tables and put them on his front porch in order for the campaign. Are you expecting a visit from Al Smith, Jim?

***"Kindling," which was considered a pretty risqué play when ye ed first came to this town fifteen years ago, was put on by home talent at the opera house here not long ago. How time flies.

***Some fine new traffic signal lights at 39th and Broadway. The lights are a great help to pedestrians on corners where they are, but they make it tougher on other corners, because the autoists don't drive any better than they ever did, where there are no lights.

C. H. Thompson.

Boston

QUITE a few people were down to the Cunard dock in East Boston last week to see the "Scythia" come in.

***Charley Innis, our new park commissioner, is learning how to spell chrysanthemum, narcissus, gladioli, etc.

***The Harvard-Yale boat races attracted quite a few of our leading drinkers last week. Several rowing enthusiasts carried Scotch and gin in their binoculars. This prevented them from seeing the race, but made it much easier to celebrate the victory or defeat, as the case might be.

***Prof. Bliss Perry is vacationizing in Europe, where he speaks the language with ease.

***Summer is so imminent hereabouts that our women folks are discarding their straw hats and putting on their fall felts.

***Several of our Back Bay leaders are spelling words with a "u" in them like parlour, flavour, glamour, etc. We don't know whether they got this idea from traveling in England or reading *Vanity Fair*.

***George M. Cohan and Ring W. Lardner were recent visitors in our midst, handing each other laughs and putting them in their new show. George is getting pretty gray and Ring isn't the spring chicken he looked when he was with Mr. Hearst's Boston *American*, either.

***Several members of this year's Harvard graduating class are not selling bonds.

✂ If you don't see your name here, look for it next week.—*Adv.*

Neal O'Hara.

New York

OUR public schools have closed and the streets are full of children and motorists.

***What with so many people going a-motoring this year and buying pennants to adorn their "autos" with, and so many collisions of one "auto" with another, we can't decide whether this will be a banner year for bumpers or a bumper year for banners.

P. S.—If we didn't think that was a pretty fair one, we'd say somebody else said it.

***Bill Stewart and his sister Princess de Braganza are at Newport, R. I., where they will give a dance on July 7 for several 100 guests, the alleged reason being to introduce Bill's niece Miss Nadejda de Braganza to society. We have attended enough parties to know that out of several 100 guests there will be at least 25 who will say "I didn't catch the name."

***Rea Irvin and wife celebrated the 12th anniversary of their wedding one day this month at his little 6 acre estate 6.6 mi. from turn right to Newtown on Main St., Danbury, Conn. Among the invited guests were Percy Hammond, Wallace Morgan, and others, the latter all showing up.

***Ye scribe is off to Chicago next wk. for a visit with friends and relatives.

✂ If you must spend money, patronize our advertisers.—*Adv.*

Franklin P. Adams.

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

(We beg to state, as we have stated before, that the serious thoughts in this column are not fabricated in LIFE's office. They are all authentic quotations from the published writings of the prominent ladies and gentlemen, or from reliable newspaper reports of their public utterances.)

The sun is just thirty-two miles in diameter and exactly 3,000 miles distant from the earth.—*Wilbur Glenn Voliva.*

People should know the facts of life.

—*Ethel Barrymore.*

The point in eating is not to eat too much and not too little.

—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

No other nation has anything which we would think of taking by force.

—*Calvin Coolidge.*

A woman can't marry a reasonably intelligent man unless he is at least slightly willing.

—*George Jean Nathan.*

Smoking cars on trains are a godsend.

—*John Farrar.*

Tammany, I repeat, plays no part in politics.—*George W. Olvany.*



SPORTSMEN and SPORTS

Socko!



Uruguayan Consul General took the ball away from them in order to prevent open warfare between the United States and the whole of South America. It was only a matter of weeks ago that the German soccer team played so roughly at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam that there was talk of abrogating the Treaty of Versailles.

There's something peculiarly belliger-

ent about this game. Even staid and conservative Englishmen have been known to raise indignant umbrellas in the heat of controversy over soccer decisions and results. It was in one of the big cities of Italy that the chief of police called off a soccer game when he and his henchmen "frisked" the spectators and discovered that practically all of them were prepared to root for their respective teams with revolvers, distressingly sharp knives and home-made blackjacks. Down in Buenos Aires the players and spectators at a soccer match became involved in a general discussion that ended up with the burning down of the whole stadium.

In the face of all this battling on the part of foreign teams and spectators, it is odd to find that foreign teams that invade this country complain that our players are too rough. However, the foreigners quickly catch the spirit of soccer as played between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. There was Wortmann, of the Hakoah

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children



SHOOT!

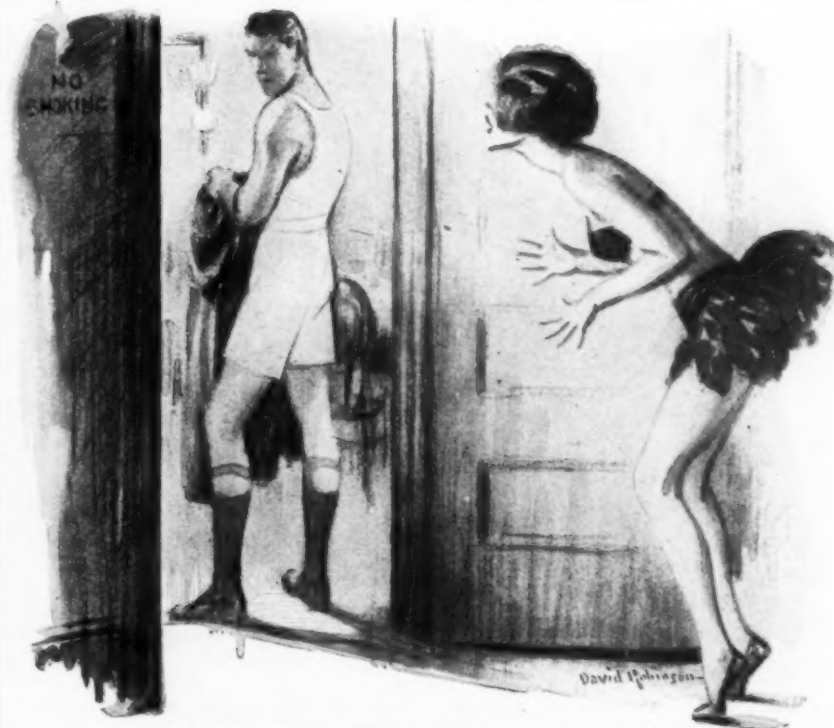
"LIFE" is the location man of what promises to be one of the most thrilling movies ever presented on the human screen.

The name of the picture will be "Out of the Slums."

You know the plot—for though it is a new picture—new every year—it is an old story. As old as human hearts.

The scenario is written by Fate, and is all about those unfortunate little people—little boys and girls—who live down in the horrible districts of the poor in New York; shameful spots which, please God, some day will be wiped out altogether. But until that day comes, we must help. You can see that.

The actors are those youngsters whose parents herd and struggle in dark and discouraging tenements; who must look on, helpless, (Please turn to page 28)



CHORUS GIRL: Excuse me, I didn't know you weren't dressed.

All-Jewish stars from Vienna. He was recruited for the Nationals, a professional soccer team that makes its home at the Polo Grounds in New York.

In one of his early games as a professional an opponent gave him a delightfully enthusiastic kick in the ribs, and with malice aforethought, too.



"Mees-tah Ref-ree," moaned Wortmann, appealing to the official.

"Hey, Wortmann!" cautioned the National captain. "Never mind the referee. That ain't the way we play in this country. When a guy kicks you, wait for a chance and kick him twice."

A bit later Wortmann tangled with the same opponent and was put out of the game, protesting violently against American injustice.

"It's my fault," said his captain; "I forgot to tell you that you mustn't kick him while the referee is looking. That's the rule in this country."

The referee's lot, like the policeman's, is not a happy one, especially in this country. Over in Europe, when France was playing Scotland with an Irish referee, the French took after the referee

and the Scots defended him. Another time when France was playing Ireland with a Scottish referee, the Irish rallied to the defense of the official when the French came storming to the attack.

In this country it is different. All hands (and feet) take after the referee. Two officials were handling a game somewhere in that wild section of the United States known as the Bronx. They gave a decision that outraged everybody at the same time—the two teams, and the rival and superheated rooters. As the united forces swarmed together for a general charge, one official said to the other:

"I say, let's go to tea. I know a ripping place that serves scones with two pats of butter, in Providence, Rhode Island."

"Perfect, old bean!"

And off they went so fast that the infuriated and baffled spectators never knew whether they went over, under or through the board fence that surrounded the field. Acting in accordance with the "Safety First" program now in such general favor, soccer referees in this country are picked for their speed afoot.

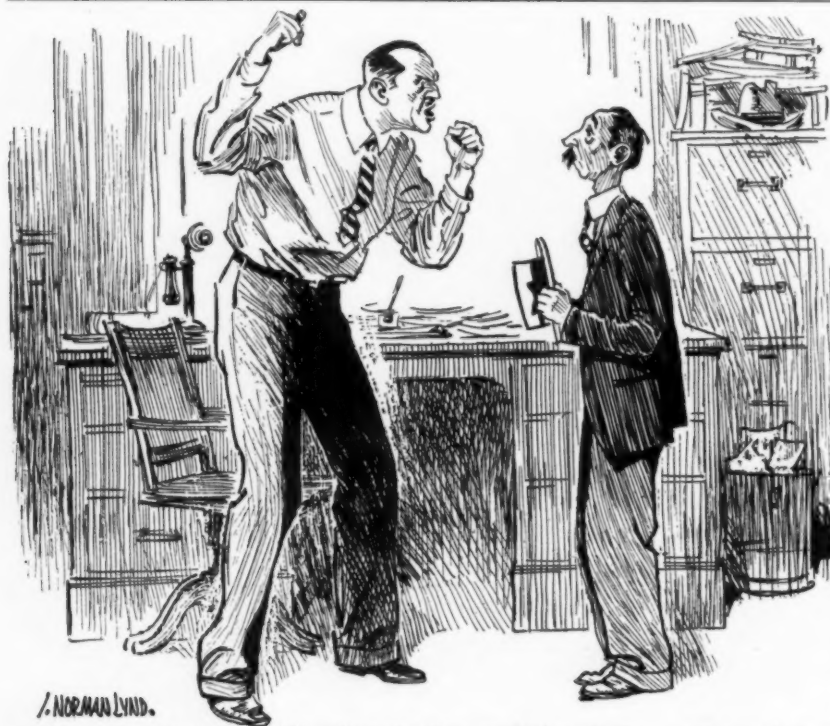
John Kieran.

ANOTHER EXPERT

RED: Ted is a great judge of whiskey.

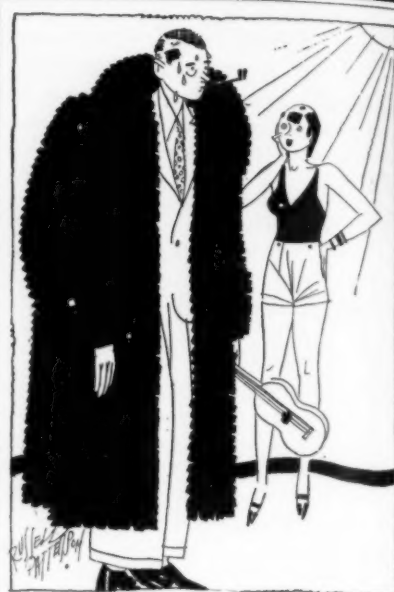
NED: I didn't know he drank.

RED: That's just it—he doesn't.



/NORMAN LIND.

EMPLOYER (to the new bill collector): Now remember, if they won't pay, just terrorize them.



THE SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENT WHO WANTED TO BE COLLEGIATE

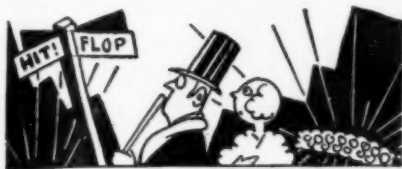
Mr. Average Man Observes His Anniversaries

BUSINESS ANNIVERSARIES:	WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES:
<i>First:</i> Forgets it!	<i>First:</i> Wild celebration!
<i>Second:</i> Is reminded about it.	<i>Second:</i> Tells everybody he knows.
<i>Third:</i> Recalls it at the last minute.	<i>Third:</i> Boasts about it to his family.
<i>Fourth:</i> Admits he's done pretty well.	<i>Fourth:</i> Throws a big party.
<i>Fifth:</i> Modestly accepts credit for long association.	<i>Fifth:</i> Very proud of his achievement.
<i>Sixth:</i> Very proud of his achievement.	<i>Sixth:</i> Modestly accepts credit for long association.
<i>Seventh:</i> Throws a big party.	<i>Seventh:</i> Admits he's done pretty well.
<i>Eighth:</i> Boasts about it to his family.	<i>Eighth:</i> Recalls it at the last minute.
<i>Ninth:</i> Tells everybody he knows.	<i>Ninth:</i> Is reminded about it.
<i>Tenth:</i> Wild celebration!	<i>Tenth:</i> Forgets it!

Sam Marx.

INSURANCE salesman's motto: "I'll fight it out on this dotted line if it takes all summer."

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Fazil"

THERE is, or was, somewhere in the background of the picture curiously named "Fazil," a pretty good idea; to wit, that however torrid and passionate an Arabian sheik may be as a lover—when cast in the more prosaic rôle of husband, he is not so hot.

Treated in a mildly jocose spirit, this notion might have produced a few laughs. Treated as it has been treated by the minions of William Fox, it produces a large number of laughs, but they're of the insulting kind.

"Fazil" starts out as a regulation sheik romance, with soft music and moonlight kisses. Then it develops into a treatise on miscegenation and the perils thereof. It ends as a beautiful, ennobling tragedy, with the dusky hero poisoning his blonde wife in front of a back-drop on which is painted the entire Sahara Desert.

Poor Charles Farrell, who had so much bad luck in "Street Angel," is almost equally unfortunate in "Fazil." At times, his natural, honest, forthright ability asserts itself, and he appears to advantage; but throughout most of this queer offering he is sadly ill at ease. Greta Nissen, the heroine, is very ornamental, as are several young ladies who appear in a highly improbable harem scene.

"Fools for Luck"

It is announced that W. C. Fields is to return to the speaking stage next season, and his admirers will be glad to welcome him home. This great and gorgeous comedian has not enjoyed the best of the breaks in Hollywood; naturally gifted with a peculiar pantomimic skill, he has been relegated to cheap, humorless comedies in which his talent has been effectually obscured. "Fools for Luck" is the title of the latest, with Mr. Fields co-starring with Chester Conklin. The big scene is one wherein the two funny fellows go to bed together, and Conklin makes the laughable mistake of assuming that Fields is his wife.

The Movietone

WITHIN a surprisingly short time, the silent drama will be a thing of the past,

and all photoplays will be augmented (or otherwise, as the case may be) by spoken dialogue. Incidentally, this development fulfils a prophecy uttered in this department five years ago, and laughed at as though it were just another of LIFE's little jokes.

The major problem that confronts the producers of talking pictures is this: how long should a comedian wait for his laughs?

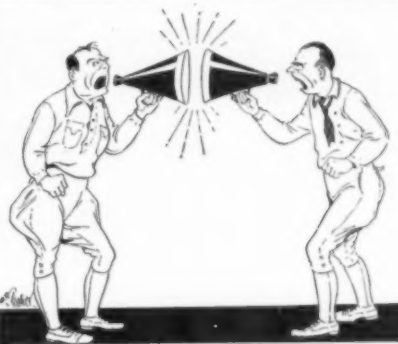
I have studied the screen work of Robert Benchley, who is now being hailed as the pioneer clown, or John Bunny, of the talkies. In delivering "The Treasurer's Report" on the Fox Movietone, Mr. Benchley never once pauses; he goes right on talking, and the audience goes on laughing—with the result that about half his speech is entirely lost.

I understand that Mr. Benchley is to make further appearances, and I suppose that in future releases he will wait for his laughs. Wouldn't it be embarrassing if he didn't get them?

R. E. Sherwood.

The Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on the next page.

REVISED PROVERB: Many hands are looking for light work.



A COUPLE OF MOVIE DIRECTORS CONVERSING

The Great Lover

OH, some like Charlie Chaplin
And some like Harold Lloyd
And some there are who think no star
Shines bright as William Boyd.

But the best of 'em all's John Gilbert.
Say, isn't he a darbo
With his nose fast grown to her collar
bone,
Inhaling Greta Garbo?!

Baron Ireland.

FIRST WIFE: My husband just can't do enough for me.

SECOND WIFE: Isn't it the truth!



A BLONDE CORONA

"And what sort of a typewriter do you require, sir?"
"I'd like one to match my stenographer here."



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott*—Something to see, because of Helen Hayes, even if you don't like to cry in the theater.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—The old days when New York was really tough, brought back by the recently-discovered dramaturgist, Mae West.

Diplomacy. *Erlanger's*—One of the few old boys that bear resuscitation. An all-star cast containing William Faversham, Cecilia Loftus, Ben-Ami, Margaret Anglin, Frances Starr, Helen Gahagan, Charles Coburn and Rollo Peters.

Her Unborn Child. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ladder. *Cort*—Our lawyer tells us that, the seats being free to this, we can call it a charity performance and be relieved of the necessity of commenting on it each week. So go ahead and sue us.

Porgy. *Republic*—A Negro performance which does not feature tap-dancing but which is one of the outstanding serious productions of the past season.

The Skull. *Forrest*—They gave away free skulls at a matinee of this one recently. Next week a souvenir fibula.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—The success of this drama of O'Neill's shows that not only does the public not have to have cheap theater but it does not insist on being interested every minute of a performance.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Sam H. Harris*—A murder trial which makes you forget that it is all being held in a courtroom.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr in a pert comedy of bastardy.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck have been going through fire for each other in this back-stage play ever since the season opened, and don't seem to be through yet.

The Cyclone Lover. *Frolic*—Two and a half per cent. Get Me in the Movies. *Earl Carroll*—Pardon us for not looking in the paper to see if this is still running.

The Happy Husband. *Empire*—The more we see of the other comedies in town, the better this one seems. Billie Burke heads the cast and is ably assisted by A. E. Matthews, Lawrence Grossmith and Walter Connolly.

Married—and How! *Little*—To be reviewed—if at all—next week.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—There have been several changes in the cast since we saw this comedy of marital misunderstanding, but it still ought to be very nice, what with Madge Kennedy and all.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—Just about as amusing dialogue as you will find during the summer, even though—or maybe because—it is spoken by a family of actors.

Skidding. *Bijou*—Harmless, but what good is that?

Ten Nights in a Barroom. *Wallack's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Volpone. *Guild*—Some hearty Venetian comedy, beautifully staged by the Theater Guild.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—A Negro revue containing some of the best specialties you ever saw.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter in a comic modern version of Mark Twain's story, with some extraneous music.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Collegiate and very peppy. Mary Lawlor and Gus Shy.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—Some superlatively good imitations of Broadway stars, mixed in with other things not quite so expert.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—A big show, with "Dr." Rockwell as funmaker.

Here's Howe! *Broadhurst*—A couple of nice tunes, helped along by Ben Bernie and his boys, together with Walter Catlett, Allen Kearns and "Fuzzy" Knight.

Present Arms. *Low Fields' Mansfield*—Good all-around show, with Rodgers' music, Hart's lyrics and Fields' book, acted and sung by Charles King, Joyce Barbour and Flora Le Breton.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—Joe Cook, Joe Cook and Tom Howard. Beat that!

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Jack Donahue getting lots of laughs, accompanied by Marilyn Miller and Gertrude Egan.

Say When. *Morocco*—To be reviewed later.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—The big show of the town—with Charles Winniger, Puck and White, Helen Morgan, Norma Terris and Jules Bledsoe.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—A very good evening for lovers of the old-fashioned operetta. Dennis King as the fourth musketeer.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

Laugh, Clown, Laugh. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Revealing the astounding fact that, behind the clown's painted smile, there sometimes lurks a broken heart. Good acting and direction, by Lon Chaney and Herbert Brenon, can't disguise the essential hokum.

The News Parade. *Fox*—A mixture of juvenile humor and venerable melodrama, with a news-reel cameraman as the hero.

His Tiger Lady. *Paramount*—Adolphe Menjou in another piece of French pastry, in which there is some tastiness but no nourishment.

The End of St. Petersburg. *Hammerstein*—Even so unrevolutionary a person as an official of the Daughters of the American Revolution would have to concede that this Soviet production is a great picture.

Ramona. *United Artists*—A slow and dreary story of tragic love in old California, beautifully photographed.

Tempest. *United Artists*—John Barrymore as a Russian peasant who loved a Grand Duchess. Interesting and exceptionally well played.

Hangman's House. *Fox*—Typical heroism and villainy in an Irish setting.

Street Angel. *Fox*—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are unusually talented young artists—but you'd never guess it from their performances in this dull romance.

The Big Noise. *First National*—A somewhat heavy-handed satire on Ballyhoo, with sterling work by Chester Conklin.

Across to Singapore. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramón Novarro runs amuck in an exciting and colorful melodrama of the high seas.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—This deserves to be terribly ham, but it isn't—thanks, principally, to Belle Bennett.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Clarence Brown has tried to produce an epic and has done so (but only in the first few reels).

A Girl in Every Port. *Fox*—Victor McLaglen has a great deal of fun as an itinerant Don Juan.

Skyscraper. *Pathé*—One of the pleasantest pictures of the year.

The Patsy. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Some excellent impersonations by Marion Davies, but not much else.

Burning Daylight. *First National*—Milton Sills is still the undefeated heavyweight champion of Hollywood.

Glorious Betsy. *Warner Bros.*—Dolores Costello in another partially talking picture. The story concerns a brave Baltimore girl who outwitted Napoleon.

The Gaucho. *United Artists*—If I were Douglas Fairbanks—but I'm not, so why go any further with this silly hypothesis?

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—A spectacular screen version of a story that has outlived three generations.

The Man Who Laughs. *Universal*; *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*, *United Artists*; *The Last Command*, *Paramount*; *Sadie Thompson*, *United Artists*; *Speedy*, *Paramount*; *Sunrise*, *Fox*, and *Wings*, *Paramount*—The current "must" list.

Fazil, Fox, and Fools for Luck. *Paramount*—Reviewed in this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

New Dimensions. By Paul T. Frankl. *Payson & Clarke*—Modern art in the home; the philosophy of new curves and angles.

Tammany Hall. By M. R. Werner. *Doubleday, Doran*—The jungle of 14th St., from the time of Aaron Burr to the present day. The famous Nast cartoons enliven the record of the Tweed Era.

Hearst—An American Phenomenon. By John K. Winkler. *Simon & Schuster*—Enormously interesting anecdotes told in such a way that our most saffron journalist seems just a kindly old gentleman, after all.

What'll We Do Now? By Edward Longstreth and Leonard T. Holton. *Simon & Schuster*—Some of our favorite prominent citizens tell you what to do between drinks.

Captain Jack. By (as told to) Henry Outerbridge. *Century*—A hard-boiled Secret Service man tells all, supposedly.

Fiction

Eva's Apples. By William Gerhardt. *Duffield-Nuts*; save your money.

Quiet Cities. By Joseph Hergesheimer. *Knopf*—Ten tranquil old cities re-created in stained glass attitudes. A comfortable, leisurely book; ideal for the literature.

Pilgrims of the Impossible. By Coningsby Dawson. *Doubleday, Doran*—A minister's son, an actress, and a clever weakling make up what we believe is called "The Eternal Triangle." A poignant story, sincerely and expertly contrived.

The Road to Heaven. By Thomas Beer. *Knopf*—The tale of a country boy who didn't like New York told with Mr. Beer's usual stage effects.

Sunset Gun. By Dorothy Parker. *Boni & Liveright*—Some pretty swell verses, even if the author has only two names.

But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes. By Anita Loos. *Boni & Liveright*—There must be something wrong with anyone who doesn't enjoy Lorelei and Dorothy.

Octavia. By Margot Asquith. *Stokes*—Unless you're terribly, terribly fond of the jolly, horsey hunting set in Good Old England After All, you'd better consult the column at the left and see a good movie.

And Also

The Closed Garden. By Julian Green. *Harper's*.

The Virgin Queen. By Harford Powel, Jr. *Little, Brown*.

The Greene Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. *Scribner's*.

Behind That Curtain. By Earl Derr Biggers. *Bobbs-Merrill*.

Perry Githens.

Play the SILVER KING



"What's the matter, Bill, earache?"

"Earache nothing—a 90 degree slice came across two fairways and plugged me in the neck."

"That must have been Les Martin. Last week he took a mashie on the ninth and holed out in a vanilla sundae on the club house porch."

"Why don't the members make him give up golf or reform him? Make him play nothing but Silver Kings."

"I'd just as soon get a repaint in the neck as a Silver King. What's the difference?"

"Psychologicalentirely. Even when a dub plays this best of balls, it helps his game a lot. It gives him confidence to play the best ball made. He knows the King gets distance easily and he doesn't press. It takes one great uncertainty out of a very uncertain game. To play the Silver King is the greatest piece of golfing psychology I know."

Silver King—
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



[Imported by]

JOHN WANAMAKER

Wholesale Golf Distributors

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO MEMPHIS LOS ANGELES

Mr. Ritchie's Reply to Mr. Benchley of New York

THE British Post Office Telegraphs recently carried a cable from Mr. Ritchie, editor of the Seattle (Wash.) *Star*, to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, asking the young saddle-bumper to explain, for his Far Western admirers, his frequent falls from his mounts.

Answering this cable, Mr. Benchley says the Prince falls because of the law of gravitation. This explanation may go in New York—even in Canarsie—but it is received with low jeers in Seattle. The law-of-gravitation explanation was read, with appropriate ceremonies, to cowboys of the Bar-L ranch, who accompanied the Overland Mail into Seattle last week, and they near died laffin'. One of the mustangs fell over agin' the hitching rail outside the post office and broke it, too. Is LIFE going to pay for that? Or Mr. Benchley?

Mr. Benchley says that the law of gravitation, as amended in the 56th, 57th, 58th and 59th Congresses, *et seq.*, forbids a body remaining in the air, except in transit. Yeah! How about Mohammed? How about Billy Sunday?

Mr. Benchley speaks of the law of gravitation as a piece of "paternal legislation." Out here it applies to mothers, too—mothers, fathers and everybody. Males, females and Prohibitionists. (There are several of the latter still surviving in the hills, but alas! civilization has accounted for most of them.)

According to the Benchley theory, as obscurely set forth in LIFE, quite a complicated rigmarole has to be gone through before a rider, such as the Prince, may be brought to earth by gravitation after leaving his horse. Telegrams are exchanged between Mother Nature (played by Groucho Marx) and Mother Earth (played by Estelle Winwood and two of the Singer Midgets). Finally, after the Western Union has advised them they mustn't use "hell" in their messages, the rider is allowed to fall.

Well, that may be the procedure in Manhattan. Out here it is simpler: the horse just goes on; the rider drops; Mother Earth says: "Ooompl!" and the Elks Quartet sings "Nearer, My God, to Thee!" Simple, but affecting.

Mr. Benchley refers to a mystery-man named "Sir Isaac Newton," as the inventor of and lobbyist for the law of gravitation. Seattle has always understood this person to have invented fishing. However, this must not be taken as a criticism of Mr. Benchley, who is known out here as the great booster for "Abie's Irish Rose."

For the Prince's benefit a league to nullify the gravitation law is being organized among Seattle cowboys; it is hoped Mr. Benchley will fall for it.

A. J. Ritchie.

(Editor of the Seattle *Star*.)

first aid to SMOKERS



DID it ever strike you that your smoking taste might need a little first aid? A little healthful help? Surely, sometimes, that taste gives you warning that it does.

Just a bit of prevention adds such a lot to smoking enjoyment—just the daily use of Squibb's Dental Cream. It fights destructive acids, keeps the delicate tissues healthy, and leaves your mouth pleasantly soothed. The minute, clinging particles of the Milk of Magnesia it contains, keep your breath sweet and react to prevent your smoking taste from growing sullen and disgruntled.

The next time you buy your favorite smoke, buy a first aid kit of Squibb's. That "ounce of prevention" will put a new delight in smoking.

Guard The
Danger Line



© 1928 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



PARIS GUIDE: Look, ladies! A Frenchman!

—THE BOULEVARDIER.

ANOTHER FAMOUS MAD SCENE

A YOUNG LADY recently had a play rejected by a leading Broadway producer. The producer had to hand it to her, literally, because it was so sizzling that he would have risked action by the District Attorney's office. He made particular objection to a certain love scene, the climax of the second act, where the fun of the two protagonists was fast and furious.

"But, after all," argued the sweet young playwright, "their love is only a puppy love."

"My dear young lady," said the producer, "theirs is not a puppy love—it's a mutual case of hydrophobia."—*New York Evening World.*

"LONDON, May 23.—Eight American women were resented at Buckingham Palace tonight."—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman.*

Oh, dear! Foreign complications again!

—*New York World.*

THE APPAREL off proclaims the woman.
—*Louisville Times.*



"So you've been elected chief of the tribe? But you're the biggest fool in your village!"
"Yassuh—they said they wanted to do like white folks."

—*Le Monde Colonial (Paris).*

THE CAMPAIGN CIGAR

SCOTCH POLITICIAN: Take a wee puff, my lad, and gie me your vote on election day.

—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*



"Mama, if you'll give me ten cents I'll tell you that papa has been kissing the maid!"

—*Excelsior (Mexico City).*

IT WON'T LISTEN TO REASON

A PITEOUS
Spectacle
Is presented
By the intellectual man
Trying to make
His mind superior
To the matter
That composes a golf ball.
—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A BATHROOM CARUSO

"Your husband is a very quiet dresser, isn't he?"

"Yes, but I sometimes think he is the loudest bather in the United States."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Th' first thing a feller does when he's held up is change his mind about what he used t' think he'd do."

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*

POW!

He runs a little cigar store on Broadway. And has been receiving anonymous letters. Nasty ones. Though the handwriting is decidedly individual, detectives have not been able to trace the poison-penner.

The cigar store owner went to a masquerade ball recently. In asking for a dance from a fair damsel, he noticed on her program a signature with the exact handwriting of the anonymous writer. The tobacco merchant, disguised as he was, waited. Soon a fellow dressed as a lion came along.

Things are now even more anonymous. All he knows further is that a fellow dressed as a lion socked him.—*New York Evening Journal.*



IRONMONGER: This is the largest trap we have, sir.

HABITUAL: Well, how many of these mauve rats do you think I could get into one of them?

—*LONDON OPINION.*

DIETETIC

"I say, waiter, there's a fly in my soup!"

"Surely not, sir; maybe it's one of those vitamine bees you read so much about."

—*Iowa Frivol.*

"She had one fool in the grave."—*Newspaper Serial.*

A widow, we gather.—*Humorist (London).*

A BRITISH judge says the first is one of the dangerous years of married life. Yes, it is the first.—*Detroit News.*



Odd Behavior of a Pickpocket Who Discovered a Hole in His Victim's Pocket.

—*YALE RECORD.*

REALISM

FIRST DIVA (behind the scenes): How should I make up to look old?

SECOND DIVA: Just wipe the powder off gently.

—*Söndagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm).*

MAMMALOGUE

"RACHEL, come right over here, dis minute. Do you hear me? Dis very minute. How many times I told you not to play mit dose bad little girls on de corner, ha? Nasty sturries dey should telling you. I'm surprised from you, Rachel, you should play mit dose bad little girls and listen to de nasty sturries. Once more let me catching you—Well, well, look who's here! How are you, Mrs. Birnbom? How's de children? Mr. Birnbom's working? What's? Mrs. Robinsky run away mit de cleaning store man! You dun't telling me! So what was? Just a minute, Mrs. Birnbom. Rachel, go play mit de little girls on de corner."

—Al Klein, in *New York World*.

JUST THE BOSS, THAT'S ALL

J. PIERPONT MORGAN recently canceled his steam-er ticket and postponed a trip to Europe in order to serve on a jury.

That's the trouble with being so high up in a company that you can't get anyone to write you an excuse, saying you are indispensable to the organization.—*Detroit News*.

THE ROOKIE OF THE FAMILY

MOTHER: I don't know what we're going to do with Oscar; he isn't good for anything except pitching on his college baseball team.

FATHER: Well—maybe we can trade him for a couple of outfielders.—*Saturday Evening Post*.



MISTRESS: Is there anything else I've got to get in town?

DOMESTIC: Yes'm. I don't think the dishes will last out over Sunday.

—KASPER (STOCKHOLM).

COLLEGIATE howler: "A passive verb is when the subject is the sufferer, as 'I am loved.'"—*Churchman*.

HER ERROR

MRS. STUYVESANT PETERSBY WOOK, well-known society leader, was found in her apartment bound and blindfolded today. Four men came in, put her in a chair and tied a towel over her eyes, she said, after which they ransacked her home.

Mrs. Wook admitted to the police that she submitted without a struggle and made no outcry until the robbers had completed their work and left.

"I thought," she explained, "that it was one of those cigarette tests!"—*New York Sun*.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DEFINITION

A COLLEGE man is one who can have a successful week-end on a quart of gin, a bottle of Listerine, a shoe-shine, and perhaps a clean shirt.

—*Lafayette Lyre*.

A PRINCETON professor thinks radio may be used to drive away germs. But how are they going to be sure that the germs are listening?

—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

"A Society desires to find Homes for slightly Mental Defectives."—*Advt. in Kent Paper*. ONE meets many such cases on Monday mornings.—*Punch*.

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IN HOUSTON

"Here you are, gents, here you are! The little old sniffer-snack! Guaranteed to stampede da Convention!"

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.

Clothes for the Yachtsman

Send for Yacht Booklet

BOSTON PALM BEACH NEWPORT
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING
TREMONT COR. BOSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE

Before Shaving HINDS CREAM



The real reason
So many men
Are always late
Getting to their offices
Is that they
Dread that morning
Fight with the
Tough old beard!
Why doesn't some
Kind soul who's
Tried Hinds Cream
Before lathering up,
Put 'em wise
To a comfortable
Shave for once?



Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!



After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving HINDS CREAM



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LEHN & FINK, Inc.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 976
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after April, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

LIFE's Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 21)

while their little ones wilt and stifle and sicken and "run wild" when the midsummer streets claim them after the schools close. Poor little mites—they will play the parts that they play in everyday life.

That's one reel. But there's another, a brighter one, to be made in the bright, sweet-smelling country.

"LIFE," the location man, is there now, making everything ready for the taking of the picture. He is, believe it or not, in two places at once. For instance, he is at Branchville, Connecticut, where we conduct a Camp for Needy Little Girls; and at Pottersville, New Jersey, where there is a splendid Camp for Needy Little Boys.

He is a marvel of a location man. He knows, as one inspired, how to pick out just the right corner in the country for the Camps—deep, luscious country, so different from the squalid sections of the great, teeming city.

He knows how to pick out woods rich with piney breezes, and what places, these, in which to learn (under the leadership of wise counselors) scout lore and the innumerable secrets of nature! And what a perfectly grand place in which to play Indian!

He knows the very brook and the very swimming hole that will lure a street urchin to an amphibious life.

He knows the most delightful stretch of ground on which to put up those rows and rows of airy, brown sleeping tents that spell Adventure.

He has arranged cleverly with the sun to be directly over the swimming pool at the Girls' Camp at certain hours so that frail and weary little bodies may get a sort of combination sun-and-water bath on fine days.

He has picked out some of the world's best berry patches for those scenes in the picture where wide-eyed tenement children pluck the ripe fruit for the first time in their lives.

Pinch hitting for the stage director, "LIFE" has been busy with a score of assistants at the Camp buildings. Paint has been splashing, soap and water and scrubbing brushes have been having a time of it, windows and screens have been made to shine, and gleaming pots and pans stand at "attention" in the kitchens.

In a word, our location man and stage manager says he is ready.

So are the actors.

It remains only for you to say "Shoot!" Will you say it?

Without you and your help, you must understand, the picture must remain untaken; we cannot run the Camps; we cannot take the children from the Lower East Side and from other poor districts and transplant them to the happy fields.

We wait for that word from you. It



Relieve Dandruff

and keep your hair in place

Don't try to make hair behave with water. Sergeant's will help to keep your hair neatly combed and will also put your hair and scalp in splendid condition.



"Comb your hair with it"

When you comb your hair wet it or wet your comb with Sergeant's and then comb it. Comb it and brush it vigorously so that Sergeant's can work down to the scalp. Only a minute or two. No trouble—yet what satisfactory results!

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

Being an oil treatment containing no alcohol, Sergeant's releases natural oils in the scalp which "lubricate" the hair, and not only keep it in place but make it virile, strong and healthy. Use Sergeant's and dry, brittle hair that breaks and falls out will become normal. Dandruff will be a thing of the past. No longer will your scalp be dry and itchy. It will not over-grease the hair. No stains.



"Comb your hair with it"

In addition to the daily use of Sergeant's every head of hair needs a "rub with Sergeant's". Apply Sergeant's to the scalp freely and rub with the tips of your fingers. Do this until you feel your scalp tingle with renewed life and vigor.

Ask your druggist for Sergeant's for the Hair—75c. Keep the handy bottle in a convenient place where you can't forget to use it. Sample bottle containing a week's supply sent postpaid on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2302 Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's

For the Hair

will cost you anything you wish, or nothing—just your good will and a hint here or there to your friends about this great work we are carrying on. But think it over, and give what you can.

Twenty dollars will keep a child at either of the Camps for eighteen wonderful and health-giving days. More, spreads the sunshine and fresh air further. Less, is gratefully received, for bright ten-cent pieces and quarters are not to be scorned. But, of course, we hope you will send all you can spare. All checks should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

For over forty-one years LIFE's Camps have been carrying on this happy job through its generous readers. How about this year? How about you, dear reader?

We can't let these youngsters down, can we?

So, trying not to be too impatient, too urgent, although the matter is of the greatest urgency, we wait with all our hopes centered on that word from you: "Ready! Shoot!"

L. A. F.

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-one years. In that time it has expended \$419,278.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 51,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged..... \$1,680.42
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Doty, Pasadena..... 10.00
"A Friend," New York..... 25.00



Shh! Locker-room secret, men!

AFTER the game, use Glo-Co to tame tousled locks. A few drops, and a few passes with the brush put hair in place for the day. Glo-Co does not make your hair "shiny." Fights dandruff too. If you can't buy Glo-Co at the store or barber shop you usually get toilet preparations, send fifty cents for full-size bottle to Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. Same price in Canada, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

GLO-CO

LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

As necessary as the morning shave

THE Luders cabin runabout, a 42 foot day cruiser at 28 miles per hour, is one of the fastest combinations ever designed. A wonderful combination of superb finish, exquisite upholstery and flashing speed.

Twenty-eight miles per hour is fast enough to race with the speediest commuters, costing many thousands more. Twenty-five miles an hour steady cruising is as fast as you usually tour by automobile, counting time out for meals; meals are served aboard the boat while underway.

A six cylinder 5 3/4" bore, 6 1/4" stroke Sterling Dolphin engine 290 H.P., offers the greatest economy in engines of this power. It is fully equipped with the latest in oil coolers, dual valves, counter-balanced crankshaft, triple ignition and other important details, designed to contribute to reliability and enjoyment. Some of these engines are now cruising their tenth year.

Sterling Engine Company
Buffalo, New York

G. A. W., Buffalo, N. Y.....	\$5.00
G. D. Emerson, New Brunswick, N. J.....	10.00
Henry C. Haile, Springfield, Mass..	20.00
Hiram W. Sibley, Rochester, N. Y..	100.00
"Memory of K. P. M.".....	40.00
Frederick Coppers, National Soldiers' Home, Va.....	20.00
"In Memory of My Son, Kenneth McDermott".....	20.00
Girls at Kent Place School, Summit, N. J.....	15.00
Arthur Hunter, New York.....	40.00
Anonymous, New York.....	10.00
George A. Bacon, Bolton, Mass.....	50.00
D. Schnakenberg.....	50.00
	\$2,095.42

SHE'D SORTED IT OUT

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: What's etiquette, Lily?
LILY: Oh, that's the noise you mustn't swallow your tea with when there's company.
—Bulletin (Sydney).

A JURY is one thing that never works properly after it has been fixed.

—Louisville Times.

A SURE INDICATION

Young Cyril had been asked out to tea, and during the conversation he remarked that he was afraid it would be his last visit, because he thought they were going to move.

"But what makes you so sure your mother is going to move, Cyril?" asked his hostess. "She hasn't mentioned the matter to me."

"Ah," returned Cyril, "but, you see, I scratched the banister several times yesterday and Mama never said anything."—Answers.

DRIVE YOURSELF IN EUROPE

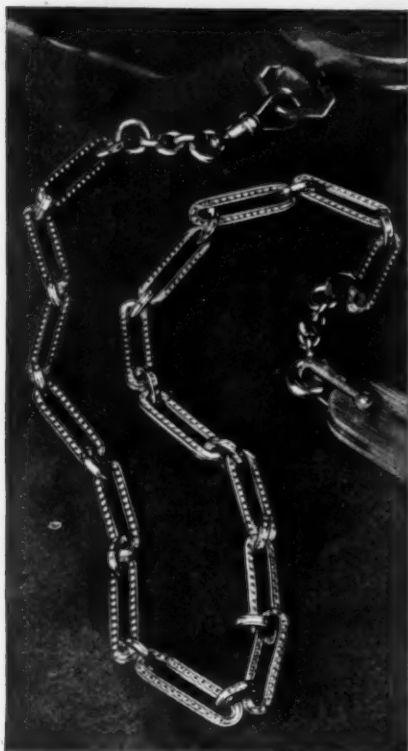
The easy, economical and most enjoyable way.

Car rent \$50. a week.

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How old is your watch-chain?

IS YOUR watch-chain really modern—as freshly and as authentically styled *now* as when you bought it? Or is it out-of-date—old-fashioned? . . . Styles change in watch-chains as well as in watches.

Stop by at your jeweler's and compare your chain with the latest Simmons designs! Perhaps you need a new chain!

Simmons Chains are made in all four standard styles—Dickens, Vest, Belt and Waldemar. Our process of drawing natural, green or white gold over a stout base metal assures long wear. . . . The chain illustrated is a Bondstreet design—No. 29109. Price, \$6.50. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Massachusetts.



(NOTE: The response from volunteer voters for Will Rogers is so tremendous that we can hardly begin to reprint their enthusiastic comments on the Bunkless Party's presidential campaign. We reproduce one letter, from William S. Hart, below, and we assure all the other correspondents that they will hear from us in the near future.)

AS ONE COWPUNCHER TO ANOTHER

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

Anent Will Rogers for President:

To be singled out for nomination among such men of proven worth; to be indorsed by fifteen representative Americans; to have a campaign launched by a periodical of standing, needs some man to measure up. Will Will do it? Will the tide continue to rise and fall?

You bet he will! Will has every fine attribute that parents ever gave an offspring. Will's father and mother handed these attributes to him, and he has developed them, through a keen mind and an innate squareness, until he is our outstanding American.

The presidential chair of these United States is the heated sun that lightens civilization. Will Rogers is the eagle that can fly to it, and occupy it, without scorching a feather of his wings.

WILLIAM S. HART.

HORSESHOE RANCH,
NEWHALL, CALIF.

PRO-PROHIBITION

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

I have not refused my son the privilege of bringing LIFE home, even though I have condemned its attitude in making Prohibition a thing to ridicule. But I believe there can be attained and maintained a higher standard of fun and humor for all citizens of whatever age by refusing to ridicule anything which is a law of the land. Contempt for law is our national "besetting sin," and everything fostering that contempt is destructive rather than constructive. To uphold the value of citizenship in our nation should be at least a by-product of any nationally read magazine, and will make the youth problem less difficult.

ALICE T. THOMPSON.

BERKELEY, CALIF.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Contempt for law was our nation's "besetting sin" long before the Prohibition question ever came up.

(Continued on page 32)

When you throw
a real party—
serve

Apollinaris

Your
most fastidious guests
will be first to observe
that you wish them to
have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



This foolish gentleman has just broken one of his favorite canine incisors while trying to mark his new Wilson ball as he has been accustomed to marking ordinary balls—namely—by biting a little nick in the paint near the name. Needless to say, he should have known better than to try a stunt like that on a tough ball like a Wilson in the first place. And in the second place, if he had chosen a Wilson colored ball he wouldn't have to mark it in the first place.

Either Oriole-Orange or Canary-Yellow available in both Hol-Hi and Dura-Dist.

HOL-HI a thoroughbred in performance
\$1.00 each - - - \$10.75 per dozen
DURA-DIST guaranteed for 72 holes
75 cents each - - - \$9.00 per dozen
CHEERIO guaranteed for 54 holes
50 cents each - - - \$6.00 per dozen

ASK YOUR PRO OR DEALER

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GOLF EQUIPMENT

WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
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We will send you the finest automobile road map in colors of France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Rhine country. 32 sections. Postage free on receipt of \$1.50.

Specialists in automobile touring
anywhere in Europe.

Fraser-McLean Company

15 E. 58th St.

New York City

The **BUNKLESS** Candidate
FOR
PRESIDENT



"He
Chews
to Run"

"He
Talks
Sense"

WILL ROGERS

Read His Campaign Speeches In
LIFE

X

Whatever you are, Rich Man, Poor Man, Beggar Man, or Politician, you shouldn't miss a single speech of this, the gr-r-reatest campaign in pull-i-tical hiss-try! You never know when Will Rogers will get around to *you* and *your* problems. Assure yourself of a continuous front seat by taking advantage of this Special Campaign Subscription Offer.

There are countless other reasons for your seeing **LIFE** regularly including Robert Benchley, Walter Winchell, F. G. Cooper, R. E. Sherwood, Baird Leonard, John Kieran, F. P. A., Agnes Smith, Neal O'Hara, and Henry Suydam, to mention but a few. Remember: yearly subscribers never miss the next issue, and the "next issue" of **LIFE** is one of the few things you don't want to miss. Mark your ballot *now* for the duration of the campaign.

----- TEAR HERE -----

**SPECIAL
CAMPAIGN SUBSCRIPTION**

**20 WEEKS OF
LIFE FOR \$2**

name.....

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(450)

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City



**DETROIT ...
... DULUTH**

Forget hot pavements and dusty streets this summer. Enjoy life aboard ship on the luxurious liners of the Northern Navigation Company.

They offer all the carefree pleasure of an ocean voyage plus opportunity for excellent golf and sightseeing ashore.

See the great cities of the inland seas: Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth ... enjoy the privileges of fine golf courses ... see the historic beauty of Hiawatha's country. Plan to take this unusual cruise this summer.

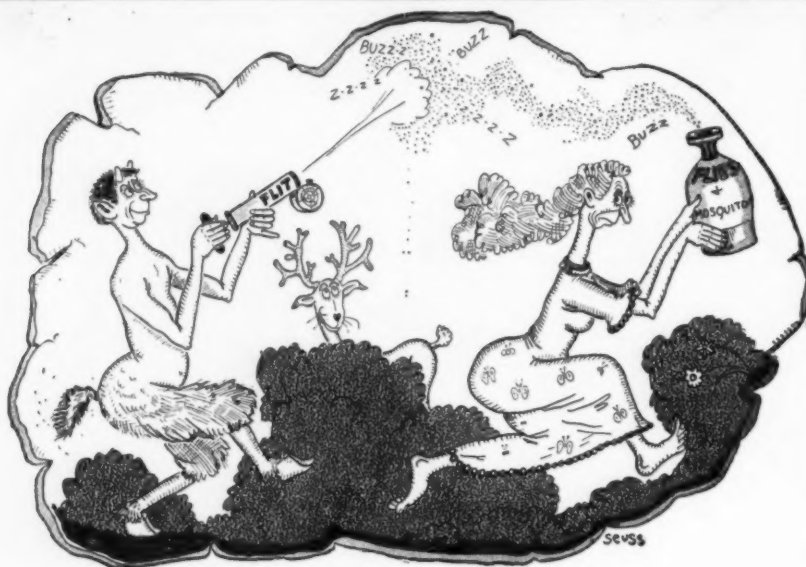
For full particulars and descriptive literature write or call

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TORONTO, Ont., 46 Yonge Street; DETROIT, Mich., 419 Dime Bank Building; NEW YORK, N.Y., 535 Fifth Avenue; PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 202 Liberty Building; PITTSBURGH, Pa., 195 Union Trust Building; ROCHESTER, N.Y., 705 Temple Building; BOSTON, Mass., 216 Old South Building; BUFFALO, N.Y., Ellicott Square; CHICAGO, Ill., 112 W. Adams Street; CINCINNATI, Ohio, 117 Dixie Terminal Arcade; CLEVELAND, Ohio, Union Trust Building.



AN ANCIENT NEWS PICTURE

The above photograph was found in recent excavations under the city of Rome. Noted archaeologists say it is from the Sunday Roto Section of Rome Graphic, and appeared in B. C. 1073. The picture depicts that sly satyr Flit undoing the work of the unpleasant goddess Insecta.

—Adv.

FABLE WITH A MORAL

"LIGHT me a cigarette," she commanded as we sat down at our table after the dance. I fumbled in my pockets, drew out a crushed package and discovered one cigarette. Dutifully I struck a match, lit the weed and handed it to her.

And then I regretted my action. I wanted to smoke very badly. And the worst of it was that at this particular night club fifteen-cent cigarettes sold for seventy-five. After the bill was paid

that would leave just enough to take her home in the subway. I became sadder and sadder. If I hadn't lit that—oh, well, why go on? This simply proves that there's a broken heart for every light on Broadway.

—Parke Cummings, in *College Humor*.

"Do make yourselves at home, ladies," remarked the hostess affably. "I am at home myself, and wish you all were."—*Glasgow News*.

Roses and Razzberries

(Continued from page 30)

Indeed, it was this same "besetting sin" that originally caused us to become a nation. When a group of Bostonians dressed themselves up as Indians, and heaved overboard a cargo of tea, they were demonstrating the same "contempt for law" that now inspires LIFE's attitude, and the attitude of a great many other Americans, toward the orgy of hypocrisy and corruption that goes on under the name of "Prohibition.")

AS FOR INSTANCE

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

SIR:

Your attitude on the question of Prohibition deserves great credit. The reformers do not seem to realize that a law is not sacred because it is on the books, but only because and when it promotes the general welfare. Another thing the reformers have never seen is that the abuse of liquor is neither a sin nor a crime, but a physical weakness. It needs neither commandments nor amendments, but science to cure it.

E. M. CHATFIELD.

SEYMOUR, CONN.

It was only a question of time, of course, until efficiency raised its ugly head in the bootlegging business, and we see that a fellow has been arrested down in Virginia for selling liquor in a cemetery.—*New York Evening Post*.

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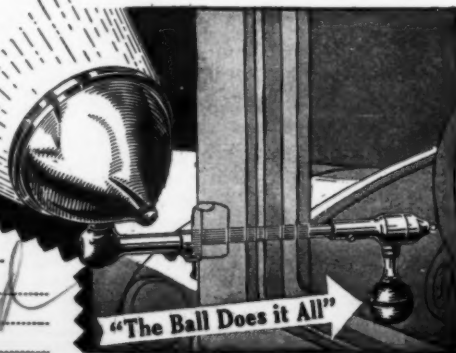
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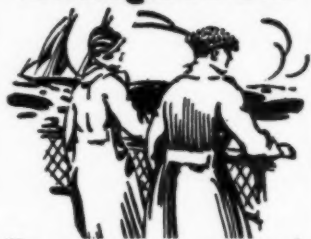
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